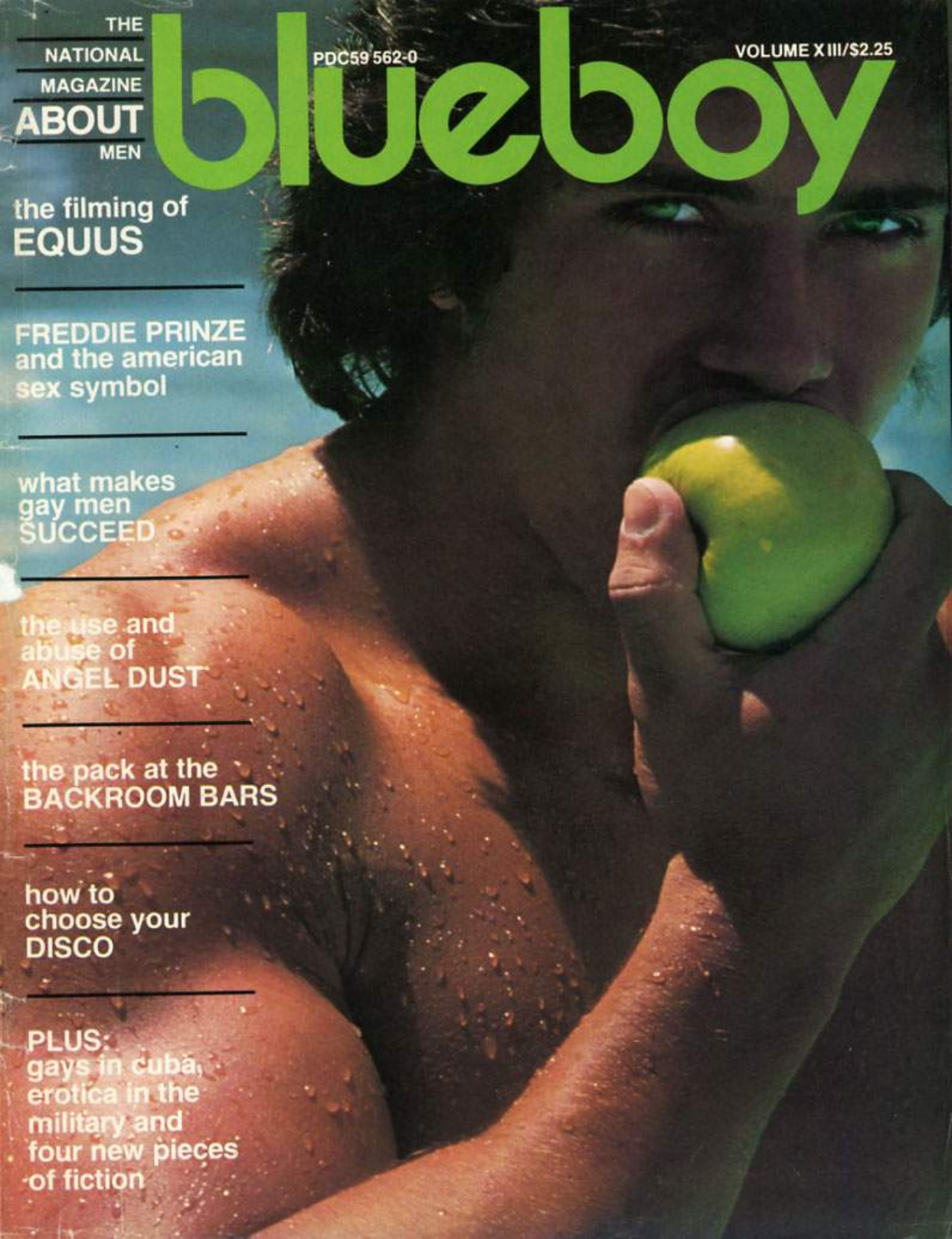
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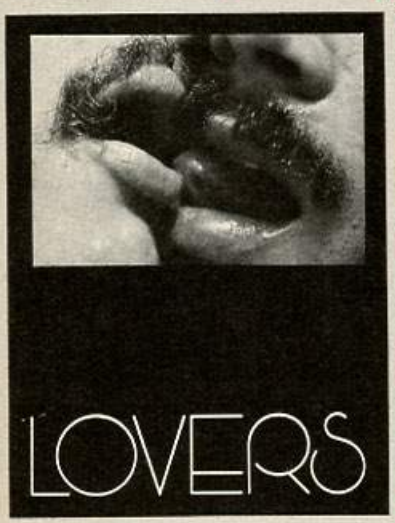

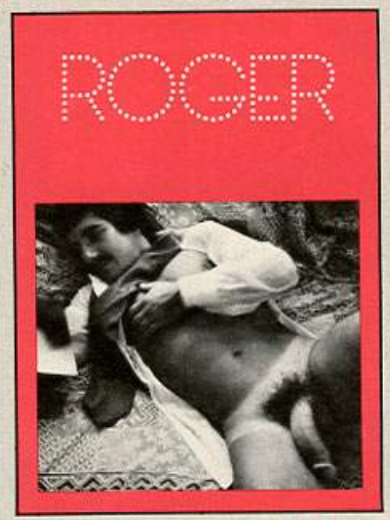

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MAILMAN

ICE CREAM DELIGHT

Have you ever gone to an ice cream parlor and ordered a banana split? If it was an old-fashioned parlor I'm sure you would have received several different flavors with your order. My own flavor favorites consist of vanilla, chocolate and lemon custard. The point I'm trying to make to your seductive and enticing magazine is to add some more flavors to your perfect layouts. I'm not trying to label you, but merely asking you for several scoops of delights: Lemon custard (Oriental), chocolate (black) and vanilla (white). Your April/May issue drove me wild. Thanks for all the good work.

An ice cream freak,
Sacramento, Calif.

NEARLY GAGGING

Bravo! Thank you for presenting a most interesting and rewarding April/May 1977 issue. I have been reading *Blueboy* for a year now, but never was I more satisfied. Your recent edition sent me into ecstasy!

For the last few years, I have had the hots for this gorgeous number who lives next door. All last summer he would visit me, and the two of us would spend the afternoons at my pool's side. Although I believed he was straight, I would stare at the bulge of his tremendous cock. I desperately wanted to see his naked splendor. Often I asked if he would come over at night, but he always had some excuse. In September, Robbie left for college.

On Friday, he came home for Easter vacation; and last night, he popped in. While we were watching T.V., he began to page through your recent issue. He sat quietly. I pretended not to notice how slowly and enthusiastically he turned the pages. I could tell he was engrossed in your excellent fold out; and by the time he reached the photo-essay, "Pick-Up" Robbie had his enormous cock in hand

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and was gently massaging its stiffness. Clear pre-cum glistened from the head of his prick; and unable to control myself, I undid my zipper.

For several moments I toyed with my own cock. Too hungry, I went over and engulfed that luscious ruby head. I sucked with an eagerness I had never experienced before. He began to moan delightfully; and as I gave head, I played delicately with his heavy balls. Robbie began to pant deeply, and within several minutes he spurted his hot jism into my mouth. Never had I received so much cum. Nearly gagging, I swallowed some of it, but had to let the rest dribble from my lips down onto his shaft.

Immediately withdrawing his prick, he jumped up and spread himself face down on the floor. I knew what he wanted. Splitting his buttocks, I spit into his wrinkled love hole and with one thrust buried my cock deep inside. I felt his muscles tighten from the initial shock, but he never made a sound. Quickly, I spent my load and allowed my cock to soften in his rectum.

After I pulled out, Robbie got up, pulled up his jeans, and smiled. Kissing my cheek, he whispered, "Thank you. I'll see you tomorrow?"

I could tell from the inflection of his voice that he was asking to see me again. Smiling, I nodded.

Today, I have jerked-off three times just thinking about it. I thank *Blueboy* for making a dream come true and hope you will continue to publish future volumes of the same caliber as your April/May issue.

A New Jersey reader.

MALE PROMISCUITY

I would like to respond to one or two points in the article by John Stranack. The phenomenon of promiscuity is too absolutely laid at gays' feet. Straight men have it too, in spades, as they say.

I agree: gays are glib with sex. The trade queens can attest to the availability of "straight cock" and the married men who "play around." So instead of making it a "gay" characteristic, lets make it a "male" one, but with ALL of its options in force. As for "two left shoes" — it really DOES take one to know one and perhaps this lack of mystery and clarity of being and purpose obfuscates the deeper interpersonal levels in a relationship — sought, though seldom found, in the marriage between the sexes.

It is just a thought. Be less harsh on the gay prerogative.

H.S., Los Angeles

WHAT'S IN A LOAD?

First of all, BLUEBOY is tops! It provides many hours of pleasure and I am grateful for the frankness, the uninhibited openness and beauty of your magazine. Keep up the good work.

But I write to inquire into a subject which some may consider irrelevant, yet I am curious and wonder whether any of your writers or other readers have any information on the subject. I refer to the qualities of a seminal discharge — or *load of cum* — particularly as to swallowing same.

I have been told that the average load contains about the same number of calories as a good Martini — or about 120. But beyond that, I wonder whether there are any other qualities which anyone who sucks cock should know about. What about hormones, for example? If these are involved, are they advantageous or disadvantageous? Are there any benefits to the digestive system? Are there any adverse affects if too many loads are consumed in a given period of time?

A.F., New Jersey

EDITOR'S NOTE: Blueboy invites Mailman readers to submit their opinions on this subject. Tell us anything, except the one about asparagus.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

I happened to see your magazine on a newstand and I saw that it had an article on gay sex therapy. I had thought *Blueboy* was just another *Playboy* or *Playgirl*, but then I saw what you had put into it and it's almost too good to be true. I am very happy that I am not the only one who wants out of the closet. Keep up the good work and don't let the gay community fall backwards.

B.J., Wichita

TO FLASH OR NOT TO FLASH

The "Oddsex" feature called "The Flasher" really turned me on, as I suppose it did most of your readers. Could I be a Flasher too? God knows, I'm not hung, but several months ago my morning paper boy, a cute Mexican, accidentally glimpsed my cock. I happened to notice his eyes move down there. As the days and weeks passed, I made certain that the view improved and I started receiving free papers. We are good friends now. I greet him in the nude with a hint of an erection and he lingers longer and longer.

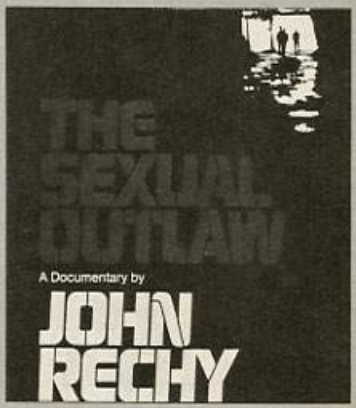
W.S., Chicago

S&M REVISITED

John Rechy's essay on S-M from his book *Sexual Outlaw* is the most cogent, convincing article I've ever read on the subject from a gay perspective. *Blueboy* deserves credit for running this excerpt. I've read and re-read the essay and it's caused me to do some serious thinking about my own life. There is at least one magazine — not *Blueboy* — I don't think I'll buy anymore.

Rechy is, obviously, a talented writer. He is also a serious thinker. I, for one, would like to read more (much more) by or about him.

D.L., New York City



RECHY AS CRITIC

After the S-M content of previous issues, I salute you for publishing the article from *The Sexual Outlaw* by John Rechy. Rechy's moral argument against these practices and their debilitating effect on the gay community is a laudable and successful effort to define an element that touches all our lives whether we are active participants or not.

John Rechy clearly demonstrated his creative talent in the previous novels. He now reveals a first rate critical intelligence.

W.M., New York City

TALKING TO GOD

Starting at about the time Anita Bryant pseudo-omnisciently affixed the California drought as a punishment from God for tolerance of gays, it has rained intermittently in San Francisco, the gay mecca to the world, for the past 24-hours, with more forecast for the next three days. One can only conclude that Anita Bryant got her finger in the wrong hole again and did *not* reach the person to whom she thought she was speaking; or maybe her communications with God are not so great as she would have us think.

D.C.S., San Francisco

FOR SALE

Readers often inquire about the purchase of artwork appearing in our pages. And we're not surprised. The fact is, however, that most of it is not for sale. An exception, due to the heavy response we received, is the parody from our last issue called "The Exhibitionists." Three of those pieces — Van Gogh, Leger and Renoir — are available for purchase through Blueboy, 185 N.E. 166th St., Miami, Fla. 33162. What are we bid?

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The gay delegation meets with Presidential assistant Midge Costanza.

Photo: Bill Bland

A MAJOR ISSUE OF THE '80s

"President Carter is talking about human rights, and this society is now starting to talk about gay rights as a viable human rights issue. Gay rights is no longer something you only can support if you're gay ... Gay rights is going to be *the* civil rights issue of the 1980s."

The person who made that remark talks about gay rights at just about the highest political levels they can be discussed — the White House, the State Department, the top forums of the Democratic Party. She is Jean O'Leary, at 29 perhaps the most powerful, publicly acknowledged lesbian in America. She and Bruce Voeller are co-executive directors of the National Gay Task Force. They led last spring's NGTF delegation to present gay concerns to Presidential assistant Midge Costanza.

When I met Jean O'Leary for an interview in Washington recently, she had come from a meeting of the State Department's National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year, to which she was appointed by President Carter. She was elated, because she had just persuaded that high-powered group to make gay rights a recommended discussion topic at upcoming IWY state conferences this year.

"I didn't want to be hard," she said. "These are very important people. I didn't want to turn them off just for the sake of winning one point. For instance, if I had forced the issue and used scare tactics, we could have gotten whatever we wanted.

"But I've been very successful doing these things slowly, incrementally, not succumbing to anger either from the opposition or from gay supporters. That's the way I like to work."

"I don't believe in labeling political enemies. I believe in giving everyone the leeway, the back door out, the chance to change and make modifications. Unless and until they have proven themselves time and time again to be enemies. Then it might be okay to attack someone and try to knock them out of office. Politically, that's one of the most powerful things you can do in a city or state."

Photo: Bill Bland

Jean O'Leary

Jean O'Leary finds her work an excitement and a challenge but not an unmixed pleasure. "Sometimes it's hard to be labeled an issue. When you walk into a room, people say 'Here comes the issue,' instead of 'Here comes a person.'

"Being identified with two issues is not difficult. It's a strength. The two go together, hand in hand. At the heart of our oppression, both gays and women are suffering from the same thing. Sexism. Sexual stereotyping. People afraid of gentle men and of independent women. The specific roles that are assigned to everyone in this society. Pigeonholing.

"This is all part of attitude change. It can't all be solved by legislation, although that's part of it. Legislation is just scratching the tip of the iceberg. But we need that protective legislation for sure."

I ask if it's difficult to be a lesbian in women's liberation.

"Yes, the lesbian issue is like a political albatross around the neck of the women's movement. A lot of people, both inside and outside of the movement, are hung up on the image of women's liberation as just a lot of lesbians and dykes. But people have got to stop thinking that way. Lesbians are a powerful force, and they don't realize that."

I relate my own belief that gay liberation will soon be led by both male and female feminists.

"Well, it's part of my hope for the future that gay men will realize that other women's issues are important too, like abortion and rape. A lot of lesbians are having abortions and a lot of lesbians are being raped. These things aren't totally isolated from the gay movement."

In the struggle to bring gay women and men together, Jean O'Leary is ideally qualified. She has an empathy for gay men's problems which is unusual in a lesbian leader yet she is uncompromisingly clear in explaining the needs of women.

"I think we can all learn from each other. Men don't seem to have enough emotion in their lives, and women are still very uptight in using sex and mixing it up with love and devotion and all sorts of traps. Both problems result from roles that men and women have grown up with and lived with all their lives. We have a lot to learn.

"Even among gay people, sex will be the last bastion. As gay men and women we can talk art, we can talk theatre — you know, everything ..."

"But not sex?"

"Yeah, not sex.

THE BUTCHERS OF CUBA

Reflecting his recent emphasis on human rights in foreign affairs, President Carter has recently said that his attitude toward U.S. relations with Cuba will depend in part on human rights in Cuba. At the same time members of his Administration have expressed support for gay rights. It seems logical, then, to ask whether his concern for human rights down there includes concern for the human rights of Cuban gays.

Castro has always persecuted homosexuals. Armed with what facts I could pin down, I've recently tried to find out whether our government will attempt to help them. Some results have been forthcoming, admittedly small.

The facts first:

Cuban refugees have reported since the beginning that Castro wants to rid Cuba of homosexuals. His Marxist philosophy is that gays are a product of capitalist decadence, that they are a subversive element and do not help propogate the revolutionary race.

When he came to power in 1959, Castro arrested thousands of known and suspected homosexuals and sent them to labor camps. Thousands more were harassed into leaving on the refugee "Freedom Flights" out of the country. Gay American leftists who wished to join the Venceremos Brigade to work on Cuban sugar plantations were told they weren't welcome.

The horror stories have faded over the years, and one reads here and there that Castro has relaxed his persecution. But I wasn't sure of this, and I wanted to find out.

I talked with Alejandro Pimienta, a gay Cuban refuge who works with the Dade County Coalition for the

Humanistic Rights of Gays in Miami. I was upset by what he told me.

"Conditions have not improved for gays in Cuba," he said. "Conditions are terrible. Castro has the same policy as Hitler toward gays. He wants to build a new race for Cuba. If you can't help propogate, you're useless.

"It is not just some homosexuals. It is all homosexuals and suspected homosexuals."

On the mere suspicion of gayness, Pimienta said, you are sent to the concentration camps. These are work camps — factories, sugar plantations, etc. One such camp is Guanajay, near Havana. There you are "observed." If they decide you are gay, you are left to die of overwork and starvation.

"At first a gay man is assigned to room with a woman," Pimienta says. "It is suggested that you will want to help build the race. If you cannot perform sexually under those conditions — and most gay men cannot — then they say you are homosexual and you cannot leave the camp."

From the beginning the regime has instituted political block committees through which neighbors spy on neighbors and report all "subversive" activity, he says. Naturally, any activity that suggests homosexuality is reported.

Some gay refugees in America try to help, Pimienta says, but they must remain under cover for fear of reprisals against their relatives.

Pimienta's information comes from letters that are secreted out of the country through consular channels.

Manolo Gomez, another gay refugee, draws no brighter a picture. He is spokesperson for "Latins for Human Rights," a respected Miami civil rights organization. He confirmed Pimienta's account.

"Conditions for gays are terrible in Cuba," he says. "We have gay friends there who send notes through relatives. The block committees are still operating. They believe you can't be a good Communist if you're gay. Even artists who have been sent abroad as cultural representatives of Cuba have been arrested when they were discovered to be gay."

Suspects are interrogated endlessly, says Gomez. The police want the names of all your gay friends. When famous people are accused of homosexuality, they are disgraced, harassed and humiliated. Prison conditions are terrible.

"President Carter has referred to the human rights of political prisoners," Gomez says. "What about the homosexuals who are in prison? Aren't they human too?"

Before I reached Gomez, I talked with Joe Baker, gay correspondent for the *Advocate* in Florida. He had the impression that the regime's policy had relaxed. But he assured me that Manolo Gomez is a reliable informant.

I haven't gotten any information yet about lesbians in Cuba.

The Presidential statement Gomez speaks of was made at a White House press conference on February 23. In response to a question on lifting the trade embargo as one step toward normalizing relations, President Carter answered in part that moves in our relations with Cuba would depend on whether "they are willing to restore basic human rights in Cuba involving the number of prisoners who are being held, their attitude toward overseas advertures, such as the one in Angola, and other matters."

Since then he has made other statements affirming his concern for human rights abroad as part of U.S. foreign policy, and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has elaborated and confirmed this policy.

To learn what I could, I wrote letters to Sen. George McGovern and to Zbitgniew Brezinski, Assistant to the President for National Security, to the Cuba Desk of the State Department, to the State Department Coordinator of Humanitarian and Human Rights Affairs, and to the State Department press office. Does the President's concern for human rights in Cuba include concern for the human rights of Cuban homosexuals?

What I learned was how very cautious our government is as regards both Cuba and gay rights, yet how courteously these concerns can be treated. After numerous calls to the White House press office and other White House offices, I was told by a high-level White House aide that my letter had been studied and nothing would be added to what the President had already said on February 23.

My call to Sen. McGovern's office was otherwise. Mc Govern, you remember, has been traveling to Cuba, drumming up improved relations between our countries, at last report conducting a guided tour there for a South Dakota high school basketball team.

"You've got to admit that it's coming down to a pretty fine point to be concerned about homosexuals in Cuba," McGovern aid Jeff Smith told me. "The Senator has no opinion on this subject. His position on gays is well known from the 1972 campaign."

(With a chill I remembered our 1972 betrayal by the Dakota Messiah, who courted gay votes before his nomination and gave us the cold shoulder afterwards.)

"I don't think it would be right to become involved in discussions about homosexuals," Smith said, "when there are so many more important matters to discuss, such as re-establishing diplomatic relations. The Senator will not raise this issue now or at any time in the foreseeable future."

I thanked Jeff Smith.

A variety of calls to the State Department produced only conversations of the type called "on background" meaning nothing can be quoted for publication. Basically, it appeared that no one knew much about the persecution of homosexuals in Cuba, and had no idea whether they would ever become involved with the subject. Some appeared sympathetic, others mildly hostile. One official said businesslike talks were underway with the Cubans about fishing rights, but no one knew what further direction the talks might take.

At last John Ordway of the State Department press office made a statement for quotation:

"The only thing that we can say at this point is that the President has expressed his concern for human rights in Cuba and that this concern will be pursued in any relations that develop with Cuba. But we're not prepared to detail specifically in any way at this time what particular human rights matters might be dealt with.

"I think that's about all that can be said now."

Well, that's something. It's a little something better than what we've heard before, it seems to me. At least somebody knows about what's happening and hasn't said no. Maybe that means somebody sometime will act. The great grey sphynx of the U.S. government has seen a problem, it appears, and blinked. I'm honestly grateful.

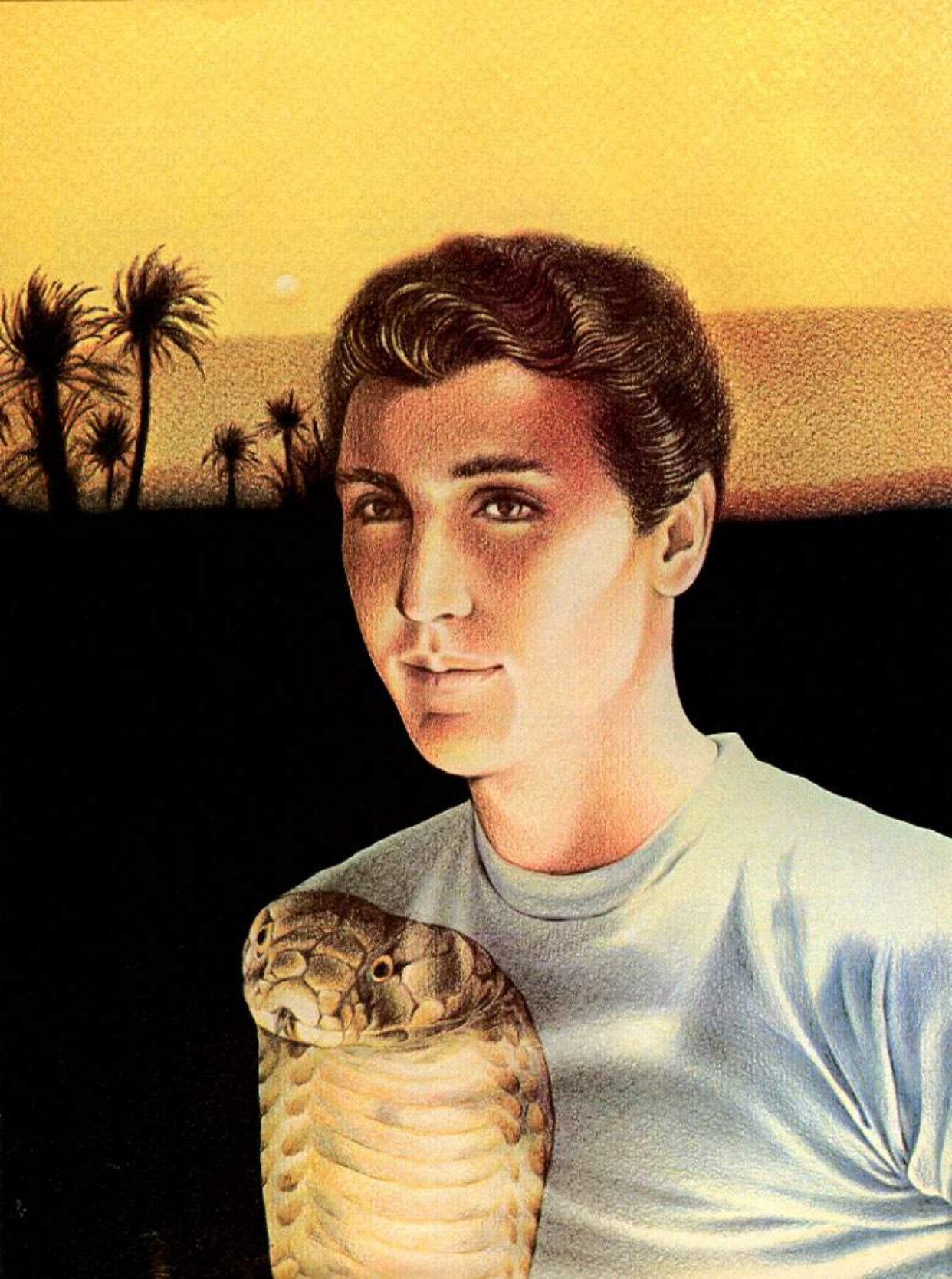
Maybe sometime American diplomats will be as interested in matters concerning foreign homosexuals as they are, for instance, in matters concerning foreign fish, or American corpses in Vietnam. When that day comes perhaps they will help us rescue our fellow homosexuals from the butchers of Cuba — if there are any left.

CADE WARE is past president of the Gay Activists Alliance of Washington DC.

Marrakesh, the red city, is an oasis of date palms, olive and orange groves, in a vast and dusty plain. Only the snowy range of the Atlas Mountains separates it from the Sahara. The whole city is red, a raw earth red that reminds you that you are in Africa. It is a city of magic, beauty, and pleasure, hot and scary. Marrakesh was built in the thirteenth century as the capitol of the nation of the Moors. The sheiks of Marrakesh ruled Granada and Seville. Tribesmen still come here from the desert and the mountains, and some from as far away as black Africa. Its history is replete with violence, intrigue, treachery, and love. The walls of the city are great and strong; they are twelve miles

A BOY OF MARRAKESH

by philip salem/illustrated by fitzgerald



round. Towering date palms are everywhere. Dark eyes are looking at you. Wherever you look, dark voluptuous eyes are looking at you.

In the morning you leave your hotel early and walk through a park. It is already hot. The garden is beautiful, but it is a little unnerving to have so many people staring at you. It is a quiet, intense stare. A group of youths hushes, and gazes mysteriously at you.

At the street you hail a horsecab. An urchin helps you, he busily tries to help you get into it, you give him a coin, other urchins rush up to get their share. The cab moves. You don't know why you suddenly took the cab, maybe it's the heat, maybe all those eyes upon you.

You settle back under the shadow of the canopy of the carriage and watch. The morning is bright and busy and hot. The men are hooded, the women veiled. All the buildings are red and everywhere there are palms and scented gardens.

The carriage halts at a corner to let a wedding procession pass. Moorish rhythms, North African drums, white-turbaned men from the mosque carry twelve-foot staffs tied with fluttering silks of brilliant colours; then women and little girls with brass trays bearing gifts and fruits and flowers and lighted candles. Then, on a white mule, a glittering silver box: in it is the bride. Is it possible?

While the carriage is stopped a slender youth has climbed into the seat beside you. He is smiling at you, an even white smile of bold charm. He gazes at you with dreamy, hazy black, lustful, dark eyes. His smile overwhelms.

The carriage starts again. The driver knows he has another passenger but doesn't seem to care. The boy is wearing a faded green basketball undershirt with an 8 on it, and rose-coloured trousers. On his curly black hair he wears a jaunty little cap embroidered with Arabic script. He pats himself on the 8. "Moi: Mustafa." He extends his hand to you. Shaking it, you see it is as slender and delicate as he is. He shakes your hand, and places his over his heart.

"Enchanté. Tu like Marrakesh? C'est une belle ville, n'est-ce pas? Very beautiful, Marrakesh, yes?"

He sits on one hip, lightly touches your shoulder as he talks. It is clear he doesn't have much money, but he is as elegant as a prince.

But this approach is alarming. He is likely another one of the many clever hustlers. How old is he? Sixteen, seventeen? As he is chatting away, he lights a joint and offers it to you. You ride along, watching him, half-listening, fascinated. He tells the driver to go to the Djemmaa El Fna, then remembers to ask your permission. He is very polite. He is taking you over, but you allow him.

Other horse cabs clop by, bicycles whiz by, laden donkeys and mules. Skinny, ragged old men pull big carts. You pass another park, heavy in palm shade and enormous blooms of hibiscus; bougainvillea on an ancient red wall.

You come to a vast expanse in the blazing sun, hundreds of people. It is the Djemmaa El Fna, the Assembly of Sinners. Berber musicians, tall blacks in white robes, dancing and leaping; snake charmers, obscene monkeys, story tellers, a marvelous bicyclist, a magician with sea shells and a trick you cannot understand. A pickpocket.

The pickpocket gets away, but without success. Mustafa grins merrily and warns you to be wary. He leads you. The dream of walking down the street naked. The boy leads you, his hand lightly touching yours, to guide you. You are getting a hard-on.

He takes you through the markets. The streets are shaded in bamboo trellises and vines. The air is heavy with the scents of spices. The street is wide, but closed to vehicles. The boys have to walk their bikes. Silence, and stippled shadow, and that boy with the Honda, he was giving you the once-over too.

Mustafa takes out a knife and peels the oranges, making one long neat coil of the skins. He puts each cool slice into your mouth, his fingertips never touching your lips.

You whisk through the guilds. There are rugs to buy, coloured lanterns, intricate trays. Vendors in the wide doorways of the shops call merrily to you to buy. The sharp-talking kid in rose trousers seems to know all the shop owners. He doesn't pause, but he speaks to plenty of people, you wonder what he is saying and feel that it is about you.

Happy and helpless you follow him. You watch the back of his narrow, graceful body, trying to conceal your excitement. His hair is dark and soft and curly and clean, his skin is brown and rich and smooth. His pants are cheap rose velvet, they cling to his young body as lovingly as silk.

He leads you through an archway of night-blooming jasmine and up narrow stairs. A cafe on the roof, shaded in trellises of grapevines, and furnished only with grass mats. He takes off his sandals, you follow. You sit upon the floor, cross-legged, and he orders two mint teas. The tea is very hot, very sweet, very strong. Strange tiny birds, like sparrows with pale blue heads, hop about the mat. They flit about the cafe, unafraid.

Mustafa takes out a pipe two feet long, that he has left hidden under the mat. He fills it with *kif*. It is elaborately decorated. He lights it and gives it to you, you puff, three deep puffs, it's gone, blow the ash out and return the pipe.

He looks at you; his look is all-consuming, unhurried, unrevealing. His eyes are dark waters, black ponds to drown in. The little cafe shivers with the heat.

There is no one there except the wizened old waiter in a yellow turban, and a trio of youths, sitting in a far corner, playing a card game. You feel them as they glance secretively at you, but you do not dare look at them.

Honeybees hover about your glass of mint tea. Mustafa lights another pipe. You can hear the rhythms from the Djemmaa El Fna; you hear the sounds of the streets, as they must have been many thousands of years ago. Here, within, it is so still and quiet you can hear your heart telling the truth.

One of the youths playing cards rises and crosses quietly to you, and speaks politely to Mustafa. He is quiet, strong, clean, his clothes poor and tattered. His head has the look of the Renaissance. He is holding two oranges in his right hand. He turns to you, smiles, offers you one, looking right into you. You accept, thank him, he gives one to Mustafa, Mustafa thanks him and he goes back to his friends. They nod at you and smile.

Mustafa takes out a knife and peels the oranges, making one long neat coil of the skins. He glances at the other youths, at the waiter. They are not looking. He takes a section of orange and puts it into your mouth; he watches, smiling, as the amazing sweetness astonishes you. He feeds you the orange, piece by piece, he puts each cool slice into your mouth, his fingertips never touching your lips. Bite lightly on his fingers, you think. No, don't bite yet.

"*Sahabi,*" he says.

"*Sahabi*? What is this word?"

"*Sahabi:* my friend, my master. Not just 'my friend'. Not just 'my master'. My friend, my master. You are *sahabi.*"

He looks at you, a puzzled appeal on his clear face. He wants to ask you some thing; he is not certain what. It makes him think a brief moment, then he lets it pass.

He challenges you to a game of checkers. The checkerboard has Arabic writing on it, and the red men are bottle tops and the black are bottle tops inverted. You play a fast, inane game, the rules twisting with each move. You lose. You finish your mint tea. You go out.

Blinding noon. Shadow is scorched out of existence. He takes you back to the Djemmaa El Fna, and to a shady, bee-hung food stand. A long wooden table,

(Continued on page 79)

Take This Test:

How Much Do You Know About Human Behavior?

1. **What part of your face is the best at sending emotional messages?**
(a) Eyes; (b) Mouth; (c) Forehead; (d) Combination
2. **Why do the rich usually marry each other?**
(a) Financial reasons; (b) How they're brought up; (c) Less divorce; (d) All classes tend to marry peers
3. **What is the sexual secret of marijuana?**
(a) It increases potency; (b) It affects males more than females; (c) It reduces sensuality; (d) It does nothing
4. **How do most people react to personal tragedy?**
(a) Seek professional help; (b) Turn to religion; (c) Escape through drugs or drink; (d) Adjust and work it out
5. **When should your children stop sleeping with you?**
(a) 1-2 years old; (b) 3-6 years old; (c) Whenever seems natural; (d) They should never sleep with you
6. **What type of men have the most problems dealing with liberated women?**
(a) Bachelors; (b) Insecure, introverted; (c) Divorced; (d) Family oriented
7. **What do your dreams indicate?**
(a) You are justifying your behavior; (b) You ate something disagreeable; (c) You lack other adequate emotional outlets; (d) You have an active imagination.
8. **Are minority athletes treated with kid gloves?**
(a) In most cases; (b) They are treated like everyone; (c) They are treated worse; (d) Depends on their ability
9. **Which of these types is most likely to be a political assassin?**
(a) Political activist; (b) Small, asocial dropout; (c) Person with a history of violence; (d) Physically active
10. **Does an active premarital sex life decrease your appetite for a monogamous relationship?**
(a) Depends on the number of relationships; (b) Depends on types of relationships; (c) Commitment grows with each new relationship; (d) Sexual permissiveness often leads to emotional paralysis

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•Aging	•Therapy	•The Arts	•The Family
•Crime	•Violence	•Feminism	•Public Welfare
•Youth	•Politics	•Law	•Communications
•Sex	•Music	•Learning	•The Campus

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Mickey Mouse
He got the yellow balls from Donald Duck.

Jack Nicholson
Does he not look like the cuckoo?

Gary Cooper
Here comes the gun.

The Miracle
15 inches—Zeffirelli's inspiration.

by daniela morera

For the first time in his life Walter Albini, the well-known fashion designer, decided to dress-up the phallus instead of making clothes for men. "My women's collections keep me so busy with very little fun and a lot of problems so I decided to use my humor, at least, for the men," he declared. It's obvious that the exhibition has been extremely successful and all the personalities represented were very happy to be in the show, especially for the measurement: 12 inches each (the Miracle measures 15 inches). As you can see, some of the pieces are dedicated to fashion names; there is a second group honoring the movie world and a third one about various legendary personalities. Have a look! Sorry, you cannot touch! Ciao, ciao! (Try to say that with a full mouth!)

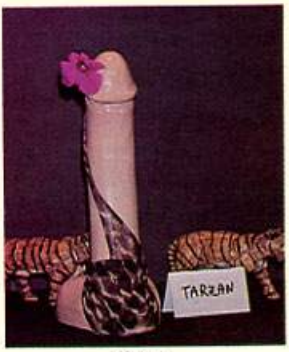
Photos by
CARLOS EDUARDO DE SOUZA and
AMANDA SPOSITO

Yves St. Laurent
The famous corset.

Karl Lagerfeld
The ultra-sophistication for Chloé.

Silvano Malta
The glamour from Rome.

WHAT'S HOT



Tarzan
Is he looking for Jane?

Dracula
He does not save even the babies.

Casanova
Playboying in Venice.

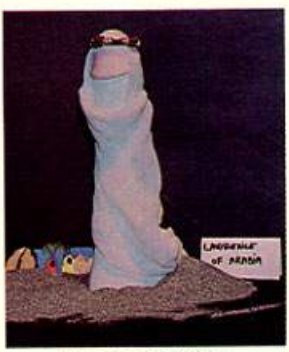
The Devil
Be careful, he is so red!

MILANO '77

Adam
Poor Eve! He hurts a little bit.

The black pirate
Spending the weekend in the Caribbean.

EROS GALLERY



Lawrence of Arabia
Too much oil.

LOS ANGELES

by peter english

This month Blueboy has taken a survey among some of the hottest people living in and around L.A., and asked each of them to give us a list of five things they consider hot in Los Angeles.

DONNA SUMMER

Donna Summer, princess of the disco and diva of the dance needs little introduction. Donna's dulcet tones have wooed our ears and caressed our bodies with the finest in popular music and if you think she's been great so far, you ain't heard nothing yet.

1. The weather.
2. The free rhythm of the ocean.
3. The trees and flowers and freshness of nature.
4. Casablanca's constant love and affection.
5. The creative openness of the people.

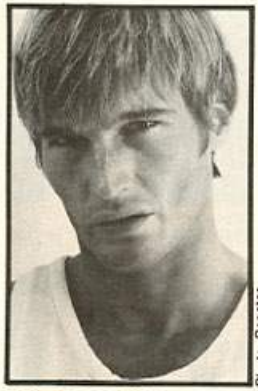


Photo: Scooter

MATT COLLINS

Matt Collins came to L.A. to breed and sell horses, but his immaculate cheekbones and unique acting talent have given him a career in the movies. The horse training has had to take second place to his current appearance as Valentino in Gene Wilder's *The World's Greatest Lover,* but don't worry cowboy fans; with a little luck Matt will soon be starring in a Western.

1. The yogurt at the Commissary at Fox.
2. Tower Records.
3. The billboards on Sunset.
4. Aardvark used clothes store.
5. The view from my house.

KENNY SOLMS

Apart from being one of the funniest men in the world, Kenny Solms is also one of the brilliant writers who have made you laugh through the words of Carol Burnett. Having reached great heights as one of T.V.'s most sensational comedy writers, Kenny Solms went on to produce *3Girls3,* which is one of the best variety shows aired on network T.V.

1. July.
2. August.
3. September.
4. Cher's swimming pool.
5. Once, the La Brea tarpits.

Photo: Thomas R. Gillman

RONNIE ROMOFF

Ronnie Romoff runs the *only* hairdressing salon in L.A. "Romoff" on Third Street, Beverly Hills is what every salon should be, and Monsieur Romoff is what every hairdresser should be — hot.

1. Thomas R. Gillman.
2. P'nut butter on Vanilla Hagen Daz.
3. The Ace.
4. Labia Manor.
5. Marc Paul Simon controlling Paul Jabara.

ALLAN CARR

Allan Carr has to be the hottest agent in L.A. with such stars as Ann-Margaret in his stable. He is also responsible for such money-making movies as *Survive* and will be producing the motion picture *Grease* which will star John Travolta.

1. Lobster at the Palms.
2. The Rexall drugstore at La Cienega and Beverly after 5pm.
3. Vidal Sassoon's changing room.
4. Ed's coffee shop on Robertson at lunch hour.
5. My Malibu beach house.

Photo: Peter C. Borsari

Photo: Stefanie Kong

BUD CORT

Ever since appearing as Harold in *Harold and Maude*, Bud Cort has been considered one of the finest young actors in Hollywood. Many movies later, Bud is now

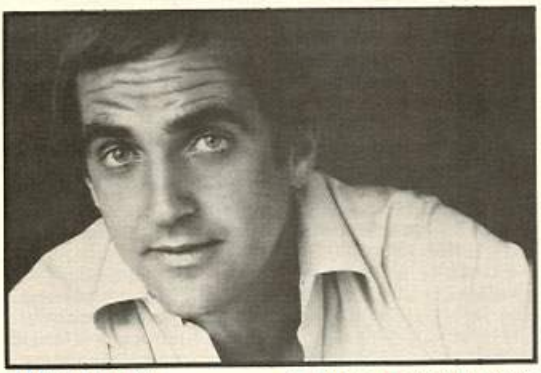
starring with Samantha Eggar in *Why Shoot The Teacher.*

1. My new film, *Why Shoot The Teacher*, coming soon to a theater near you.
2. Trader Vic's; I met Gianinni there.
3. Silverlake, particularly the Soap Plant, my favorite store.
4. My thrice weekly ballet class, no air-conditioner, no showers.
5. Margaritas at La Villa Taxco.

PAUL JABARA

Ever since he met a negro in Ocho Rios, Paul Jabara hasn't been the same. His new single *Slowdance* is being played all over the country, and his duet with Donna Summer on his next album has to become an alltime disco classic.

1. Lunch at Ma Maison.
2. Dinner at The Numbers.
3. Howard Rosenman's daily dairy.
4. Book Circus on Santa Monica Blvd. at 2am.
5. Paul Jabara's first album on Casablanca records and tapes.



JAMES REEVA

James Reeva is the most celebrated fashion designer on the West Coast, designing gowns for Academy Award winners, presenters and spectators. Reeva is responsible for dressing such beauties as Lee Grant, Sally Kellerman, Valerie Harper and Frances Fay.

1. John Deason and his Captive Sea Gallery.
2. Aloma's parties and her insane friends, Trash to Royalty.
3. Riding to Malibu with the top down, getting wonderfully spaced.
4. Blueboy's nude layouts.
5. ALL THE ACTRESSES who have done it all and are still delivering one hell of a statement.

SUSAN TYRELL

Susu Tyrell has been one of the hottest female properties in movieland ever since her Academy Award nomination for *Fat City.* Since then she has appeared in *Islands In The Stream, Andy Warhol's Bad,* and many other movies. Watch out for her in the next Claude LeLouch release.

1. My house.
2. My garden.
3. My kitchen.
4. My bedroom.
5. The V.D. clinic.

PAT AST

Pat Ast is knocking T.V. audiences backwards with her appearances on *Baretta, Police Story,* and many other shows. Her cameo in *The Duchess and The Dirtwater Fox* stole the picture, and her forthcoming appearance in Gene Wilder's *The World's Greatest Lover* has everyone on the lot in hysterics.

1. Jim and Marisa Berenson-Randall's house.
2. The Farmer's Market.
3. C.C. Brown's hot fudge sundae.
4. Concerts at the Hollywood Bowl.
5. Breakfast at Dukes.

ANDY WARHOL

Photo: Peter Lester

Painter Andy Warhol is without doubt one of the greatest living artists of this century, but is usually associated with Manhattan living. AW has taken a shine to L.A., however, and is now commuting regularly between Union Square and Beverly Hills.

1. Little Pat O'Neal.
2. William Katt.
3. The sun.
4. The fireplace at the Beverly Hills Hotel.
5. That thirteen year-old girl.

PETER LESTER

Cub-reporter, writer, photographer, cook, out-of-work actor, film-maker, gardener. Peter Lester is a recent arrival on the West Coast from England via New York. He has helped give this survey a European viewpoint.

1. Christmas.
2. Celebrity Cabs.
3. Marie Osmond and Farah Fawcett-Majors.
4. Cedars-Sinai laundry room.
5. Peter English.

NEW YORK

by dallas

Says ex-lover Glenn Ford to unfaithful wife of George MacCready, RITA HAYWORTH (who is flaunting her extra-marital affairs in public), "It doesn't seem to bother you that you're married." "No," says Rita with a toss of her flaming mane, "but it sure seems to bother you!" Lines like this caused lines to form around the block — even

DIANA ROSS came out in the rain for this one — when *Gilda* was revived as part of a Columbia Pictures retrospective at the Regency Theatre near Lincoln Center. *Gilda* is the '40's melodrama in which everyone is up to their armpits in venom, and Rita is up to her armpits in black satin while she sings the now-immortal "Put the Blame on Mame," giving us perhaps the definitive statement on lurid glamour.

Film revivals are nothing new in New York, but until recently film buffs had the choice of either dying of asphixiation (Carnegie Hall Cinema), suffering claustrophobia (Bleeker St. Cinema), or dodging the rats (The Elgin). Finally, the Hollywood classics can be enjoyed in comfort. In addition to presenting the best double bills in town, THE REGENCY THEATRE is well maintained and intact; marquee, staircase, balcony (remember balconies?). This summer's program is a retrospective of the great MGM musicals. The Regency Theatre, Broadway at 67th Street.

Speaking of Rita Hayworth, it was her daughter, PRINCESS YASMIN KHAN, who was hiding MARGARET TRUDEAU in her newly acquired apartment in the San Remo, the palatial residential twin towers on Central Park West. Not since the Beatles first came to New York has anyone attracted so many newsmen at one time as did Margaret. Packs of photographers, including video crews from all three networks, literally camped out overnight awaiting a glimpse

Twin towers of the San Remo.

of Canada's fugitive First Lady. Maggie will be dividing her time from now on between Montreal and New York where she will open a studio and pursue her ambitions as a photographer.

Also at the San Remo, several stories above Princess Yasmin, ROBERT STIGWOOD, the Czar of Rock, maintains a teeny little triplex in the stars. Stigwood's nose for the dollar is no news to the entertainment industry. He is responsible for giving us *Jesus Christ Superstar* (record, Broadway show, and movie version); he now records the Bee Gee's and is presently filming in New York lofts his new disco epic, *Saturday Night*, which stars JOHN TRAVOLTA whom he has signed to a nifty three picture deal.

YVONNE ELLIMAN, the original Mary *(I Don't Know How to Love Him)* Mag-

Yvonne Elliman

dalene has just come out with a new album on RSO (as in Robert Stigwood Organization) Records entitled *Love Me*, that is great listening and great loving music. Yvonne has a voice that could melt a heart of stone, and she knows what to do with it. What's more, her choice of material is intelligent. And THAT'S HOT!

The flowers for the party honoring Yvonne's new LP came from THE CULTURED SEED, the West Side flower house that attracted New York's jaded eye through the brilliant window displays done by owner John Elari.

The Seed, 274 Columbus Avenue, serves up fresh-cut and potted flowers in a wide selection, but it's the window display that gets the prize. Pictured above, the Donna *(Chorus Line)* McKecknie Dressing Room Window, which elicited a midnight

(Continued on page 91)

SEXUAL ANARCHY

Taking the law into your own hands can be a sticky business.

by brandon judell

I climb the narrow flight of stairs to find myself being inspected by a black body beautiful bouncer in matching leather. His job is to make sure the clientele is wearing the necessary denims and/or leathers. He sniffs me. If I was wearing Aramis, I'd be out in the street again. No colognes allowed. If I was wearing a Pierre Cardin suit, I'd either have to take it off or leave the premises. What am I and the twenty or so people behind me trying to get into?

The fuckbar seems to be reaching its high noon of popularity and notoriety. The straight presses are running weekly articles on the happenings in them, the jet set gets chauffeured to them, and some law officials are rumored to be making a profit from them.

What goes on in such a place? It might be easier to say what does not go on. But to get to actualities, one can witness and experience cocksucking, regular and fist fucking, water sports, gang bangs, sado-masochism, beer slurping, gum chewing, masturbation, group sex, and even two people unaware of the rest of the world kissing because they love each other. Not a bad way to spend the night. Also, these bars tend to stay open to the wee hours of dawn, which is a godbless for insomniacs.

HISTORY

When did this phenomenon start? And where? No one seems quite sure. The locale seems to be either San Francisco or New York City. Warhol star and chanteuse Tally Brown swears by San Francisco. Alan, a New York bartender, made a blood oath that the Big Apple had the first backroom bar. Was the year 1967 or 1968? Was it called the Barn or the Zoo? The correct answer depends on whom you ask? How and why they got started is much easier to answer.

The answer is good old capitalism. Before backroom bars, men were being erotic with each other in trucks and alleys, on deserted hills and in warehouses. Amidst all the glorious, sweaty entwinings, there was always the possibility of being hurt by someone or something. A loose floor board. A lonesome nail. A screwy sailor. So why not open up a place with loose floorboards, lonesome nails, and screwy sailors? Serve beer. Have a jukebox. It will take very low overhead to supply all the dangerous eroticism of the old hangouts, and the profit will be huge and quickly gathered.

Well, one bar opened after the other, and all of a sudden Mother Nature no longer controlled sleazy sex. Gays no longer listened to Tex Antoine with their fingers crossed. Snow. Rain. Who cared? The fuck bars had heat most of the time, and most of them had no mud to stain knees, and no rocks to scuff Gucci loafers. They were a big sexual step forward for America under Lyndon Johnson. Thank you, Lyndon.

WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO BACKROOM BARS?

The answer I received most often was: impersonal, anonymous sex. For some, it is sex at its purest, while to others, it is sex at its most valueless. Whatever, impersonal sex is reaching or approaching orgasm with one or more strangers without having any personal responsibility for them. It is making physical contact with someone whose political, cultural, and hereditary backgrounds are hidden from

you, and in most cases will remain that way out of choice. And maybe that's what is so exhilarating about backrooms. In how many other places can one see staunch Republicans rimming Mao-quoting Marxists? Where else can opera aficionados be seen going down on Blue Oyster Cult freakies? "Only in heaven," my grandmother told me, "will lions walk along side lambs discussing the merits of Shaw."

Putting grandmother aside, most everyday prejudices are tossed away, once the participants enter the darkened rooms of lust. Only what turns one on sexually is important. A slightly elongated nipple, a nine inch shaft, or a bearded face. Fulfill your fantasies while you are unconsciously, simultaneously realizing your partner's dreams. Men who find themselves climaxing only once or twice with a mate at home, find themselves spurting four or five times during a backroom bar evening.

Of course, if you are lonely and horny, impersonal sex will quench your horniness, but will probably inflate your loneliness. In a lonely state, one tends to perceive the hundreds of bodies swarming past each other as ants on a mound of sugar. No time to reach out and hold on to somebody for any length of time. The time-honored code of not kissing who you are groping will reinforce your distastefulness for the situation. So check out your state of mind before taxi-ing over to a backroom, because the plausibility of having a good time depends on what mood you are in, what you have had for dinner, and how long its been since you awakened in the morning to find an unfamiliar shape in the bathroom using your toothbrush. If you come contented, you'll come contented.

The next favorite reply to "Why are you here with your pants down?" was: group sex. Group sex is having all of your orifices plugged, some nice genitalia in each of your hands, a mouth on your own organ, and someone licking your toes. This type of sex can be impersonal at times, but usually one does not have time to think about labeling it.

There is also the element of voyeurism, the act which Jean Cocteau endorsed in his anonymously written THE WHITE PAPER (Macaulay Co. 1958). So closet your qualms if you are a voyeur and speed off to the closest backroom, where you will discover paradise. Get into a comfortable position and watch the leathered devils handcuff the wrists of the overly muscled shirtless angels, and then shove them to their knees and slap their asses. Watch the angels gasp as very long shafts are pushed down their throats. Watch the angels' eyes water as the devils shudder and explode with passion. Watch as satan's servants search and search for the key to open up the locked wrists of God's helpers as the helpers curse them out. Or just mosey over to the endless maze of oral/anal Guinness book contenders. Judge the most unique couplement of the night. Who has been entered the most? Who has swallowed the largest quantities of the liquid life? You do not care? Not perverse enough you say. Then walk over to the bathrooms and see the human urinals. Fuck bars are like kaleidescopes for voyeurs. They never get a glimpse of the same thing twice.

A GOOD EXPERIENCE

"First I was shocked by the trucks, then I was shocked a little bit about the warehouse, and then by the backroom bar the first time I went. I was shocked a little bit by the Anvil and a little bit by the Toilet when I first went. Everytime it was something new. It was something a little bit more. You know what I mean. Each one was a little bit more, a little bit beyond the last one. A bar opens up and you hear whats going on and you say, 'Oh, no. This can't be going on.' And you zip down there immediately. And then after you've done it, you've done it. You become jaded. It's like one time I distinctly remember a head trip of standing in the Toilet... in the middle of this... I don't know how to describe the scene... Why, I was standing there peeing on someone while someone was like rimming me, and I was sucking on someone else and all of this was going down, and all of a sudden right in the middle of it, I get hit with a popper and you know everything is like going... bursting in this big balloon and all of a sudden this little voice goes, 'People write books about this, other people read them, and you're what they're reading about.'

A BAD EXPERIENCE

A body was behind me playing with my ass and my nipples. While another body was kneeling in front of me and had placed my jeans around my ankles. His mouth was sucking my cock while his counterpart kept exploring my ass with a finger, twisting a nipple, and licking my neck. A constantly changing crowd was passing by, checking me out, touching me sometimes, and at times totally oblivious to my existence. Suddenly my eyes locked with another's. He had blonde, kinky hair that fell to his shoulders. He was wearing a heavy leather jacket without a shirt. I inhaled his leathery sweat smell. I pushed away from the ass player and the cocksucker, not roughly though, and unzipped my blonde. With a struggle I pulled out his lengthy soft member. I swallowed it quickly wondering whether I would choke when it got hard. I didn't. The

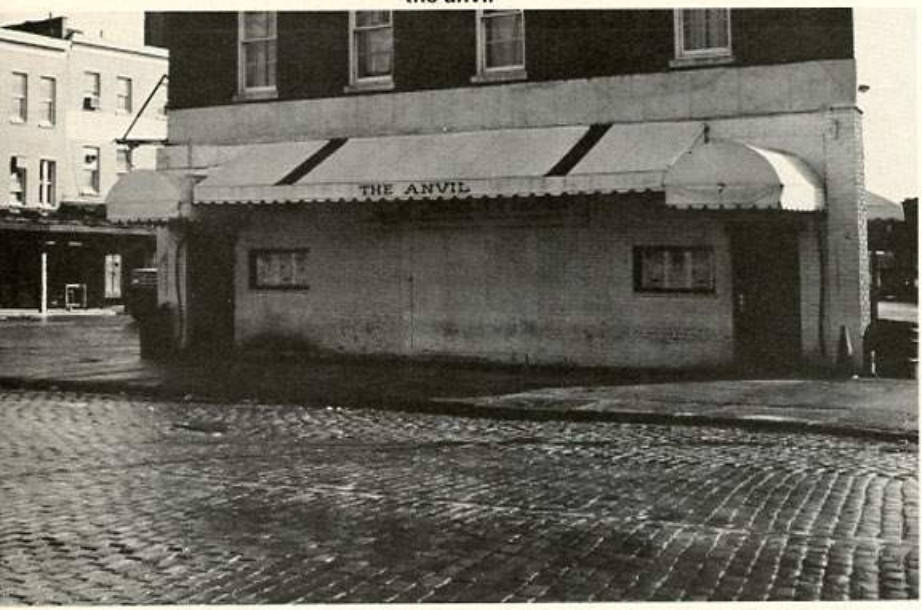
(Continued on page 88)

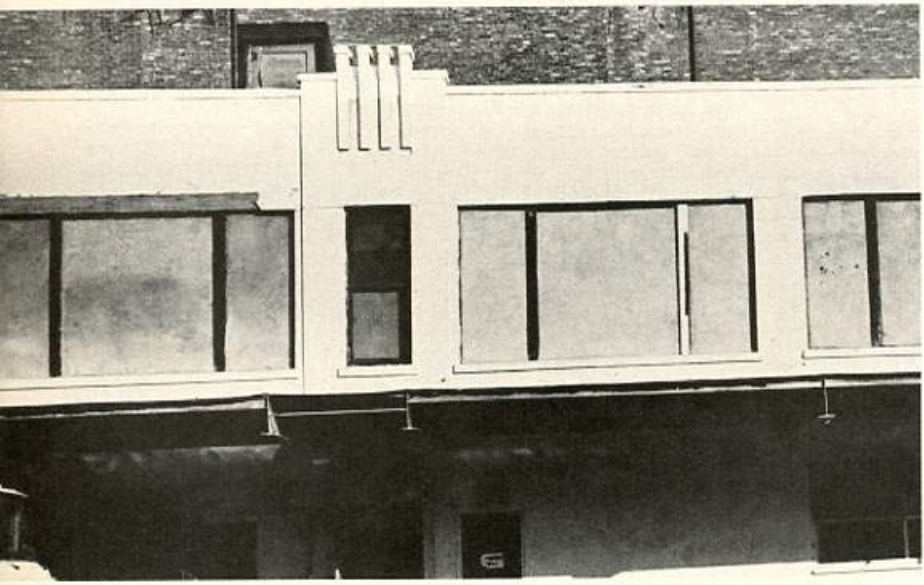
the toilet

the strap

Photographed by Manuel Yanez

the anvil





the mine shaft

Houses of ill-repute or houses of worship? Behind the fuckbar's equivocal facade, lack of restraint is the only rule and the rule is treated with reverence.

SEXUAL ANARCHY

LOVERS HOROSCOPE by fatima

ARIES
March 21/April 19

(July)

Try as you might, harmony on the home front is a near impossibility this first week. Things will straighten out, but for the moment, let him take the low road and you stick to the high one. Forcing the issue can only make it worse. But come the 19th through the 22nd, you'll be the epitome of everything that's right with the world. The trend should continue through the end of the month, once again assuring you that there is such a thing as a happy ending.

(August)

Beware the advice of an all too helpful friend on the 6th. His intentions may not be what they seem. The 13th and 17th will find you with energy to spare, so out of the lounge chair and move on some of those good ideas of yours! Especially those that have to do with domestic projects whose time has finally come. Social life hasn't been what it could be and you may find yourself creating a few stories to please your friends. The possibility of being caught in a rather embarrassing exaggeration is not remote.

TAURUS
April 20/May 20

(July)

A major change in your career may be in the offing, and it would be wise to consult with the one you love before making any decision. His support is essential to your success. A very good month for you financially. The 16th and 17th are red letter days at the office and even the 24th brings a possibility of a healthy windfall. The 30th is the day to watch, though, as decisions that will have great effect on you will be made.

(August)

For your own sake, avoid window shopping this first week. You'll end up buying everything but the window and this is no time for extravagance. Now that your budget is in better shape than it's been in some time, you must work to keep it that way. A certain financial security should give you the added confidence to drum up some other ideas that will bring even more coins into the till. Keep up the good work and you'll be able to take the vacation you really wanted.

GEMINI
May 21/June 20

(July)

This entire first week is full of unexpected gains at work, but don't become overconfident and blow what you've worked so hard for. You can show your exuberance by helping friends out of their dilemmas. They need your help. Maintain that good mood because the 30th is as lucky a day for love as you're ever going to find. This indeed could be the one!

(August)

Yes, advice is important, but your own instincts must come first. This is a period when you will need a lot of both. The second week brings with it a real need to get away for a few days, but little things are going to get in your way. Don't let them stop you, as your disappearance might actually help iron out minor difficulties. Once again, this month is full of glamorous romantic overtones, especially the 24th. Look a little deeper than that gorgeous tan of his; there's a lot there.

CANCER
June 21/July 22

(July)

The good judgment that almost never fails you may be threatened if you get involved in the petty squabbling that surrounds you. Don't take either side as they're both wrong. When the air clears it'll be you they'll turn to for advice, as usual. Don't let them down. The 19th is a perfect day to straighten out your financial situation, but if you find yourself short, the 24th might be the day that will bring the solution.

(August)

Watch yourself on the 6th. It's just the kind of day you might find yourself diving into the pool only to find that it's been drained. Besides, you'll need everything intact for the 8th which is full of romantic revelations. He might be Mr. Right but that pain in the neck on the 13th may be more than just lovesickness. Watch your health. Definitely an up and down month, with the former taking precedence, especially during the final week.

LEO
July 23/August 22

(July)

During this first week, your inclination will be to throw all caution to the wind, which could prove to be the worst move you've made in years. You're in a period of astrological retribution; you'll be paying for an indiscretion in full. Disruption at home could be a direct result, play it very close to the belt this month. Whatever excitement you might miss will be amply rewarded by progress in business areas. A good money month. Temptation to waver from your course will greet you at every turn and all that self-discipline you hate will finally come in handy.

(August)

Except for the 6th and the 8th, the stars have given you a reprieve. Go out and raise hell! Social aspects are highly favorable at this time and your urge to roam should be acted upon. If you decided to work hard last month, those projects can take care of themselves right now. The 24th is a prime day to get involved with partners if that is what you want. If the relationship is business, it should be profitable. If it's romantic, it should be extremely passionate, though probably short-lived.

VIRGO
August 23/September 22

(July)

The social calendar is bursting with everything from barbeques to rubdowns, but beware the financial strain. They're all cute, but you needn't pick up the check every night. The 6th through the 9th is a great time to entertain at home. Keep it simple. It's you they're coming for and you don't need to impress. The 19th suggests caution in matters of health, but the career upswing during the last week should cure any potential ills.

(August)

Trust those instincts and follow your aggressive impulses romantically. The one who interests you is not playing hard to get ... just plain shy. The 17th may find your lucky streak at its peak but avoid social disasters caused by overconfidence. You've got it made this month, so play it very cool. If it seems the cards are stacked against you, just remind yourself that you own the deck!

LIBRA
September 23/October 22

(July)

Let those with the great new ideas take the lead during this first week. Listen to what they have to say and don't buck them for the sake of argument. Your time will come on the 16th and 17th to state your case. The 19th through the 22nd is full of sensual situations that you'd be foolish not to cash in on. Top that with the good business news you'll be getting in the last week and your month should prove to be an excellent one.

(August)

Any travel between the 6th and the 8th is out of the question. And just as well, as the 9th marks the beginning of an obvious upswing in your career with many opportunities you haven't even thought of. The results should be highly rewarding with the 24th being a day that will bring extensive change in many areas. Keep your eyes (and arms!) open for exciting possibilities.

SCORPIO
October 23/November 21

(July)

Look both ways before crossing the street on the 1st and especially the 3rd. In fact, it might not be a bad idea to look both ways while stepping out of the shower. Once again, a high risk factor appears on the 14th and it would be wise to avoid travel on that day. Are you up for some kind of award or in competition for a prize? If so, your lucky day is the 17th, and the winner's circle is most definitely in the picture for you. If the prize is financial, keep it under the mattress for a few weeks. The urge to blow it on what seems to be an attractive venture is strong. The results will not be as good as they seemed to be.

(August)

If you thought your romantic side has been looking rather bleak, the last week of this month will change that image. Passions rule you and others will respond. Keep that in mind during the first three weeks, which will indeed be lackluster, except for minor success on the job. You are being saved for the glamorous adventures that will end this month on a highly romantic note.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22/December 21

(July)

Don't be so quick with the RSVP's for any events on the 1st and 3rd. Some kind of social disaster is shaping up and you would do well to avoid the possibility. That disarmingly honest tongue of yours has gotten you in trouble before and is hungry for the chance again. Control it. That streak of compulsivity can work for you on the 5th and 17th when certain projects that require the perfectionist's touch are handed to you. Your reward for good work may well come in the form of a favor you'll be in need of toward the end of the month.

(August)

Your social life is a mess. You're forgetting names, showing up for parties on the wrong night and hanging up on just the person you wanted to hear from. Take a deep breath and organize. Don't be so willing to jump at every opportunity for a good time. Try to find that one good relationship and build on it. The results will be pleasantly surprising. The month ends with a real chance for success in creative enterprises.

CAPRICORN
December 22/January 19

(July)

A marked slow-down in your business appears during mid-month, but your energy level is as strong as ever. Instead of beating a dead horse, put all your good ideas into another entirely new project ouside of the office. It's important right now for you to keep your ears open to good advice from surprising sources. A change is in the works for you, so don't be such an old maid about an outrageous new concept. Go with it and the possibilities are beautiful.

(August)

A minor health problem might stand in your way on the 6th and the 8th. Don't get depressed, just take care of it quickly and get back on the track. You've no time to waste right now as opportunities are cropping up everywhere and knowing you, you'll want your finger in every possible pot. When specific financial rewards come on the 17th, don't undersell your value. Your work is excellent and you're worth every cent of what you should be asking.

AQUARIUS
January 20/February 18

(July)

This first week is full of disruptive influences that could exhaust you if your choices aren't well thought out. Save yourself for more meaningful social changes that begin on the 17th and remain through the month. Reckless decisions at this time won't really hurt you a great deal but they're not going to get you anywhere either. That certain someone you'll meet on the 19th has a line for every thing and he won't stop the constant flow of charm to get you interested.

(August)

You seem to be on everyone's party list at the moment, but you might want to take a breather on the 6th and the 8th. Those invitations might look good on paper, but the reality is something else again. Why wear yourself out with re-runs? The 9th is an excellent time to ask for a raise or a more responsible position at work. If the answer is yes, which it should be, it would be a good idea to throw yourself into your work.

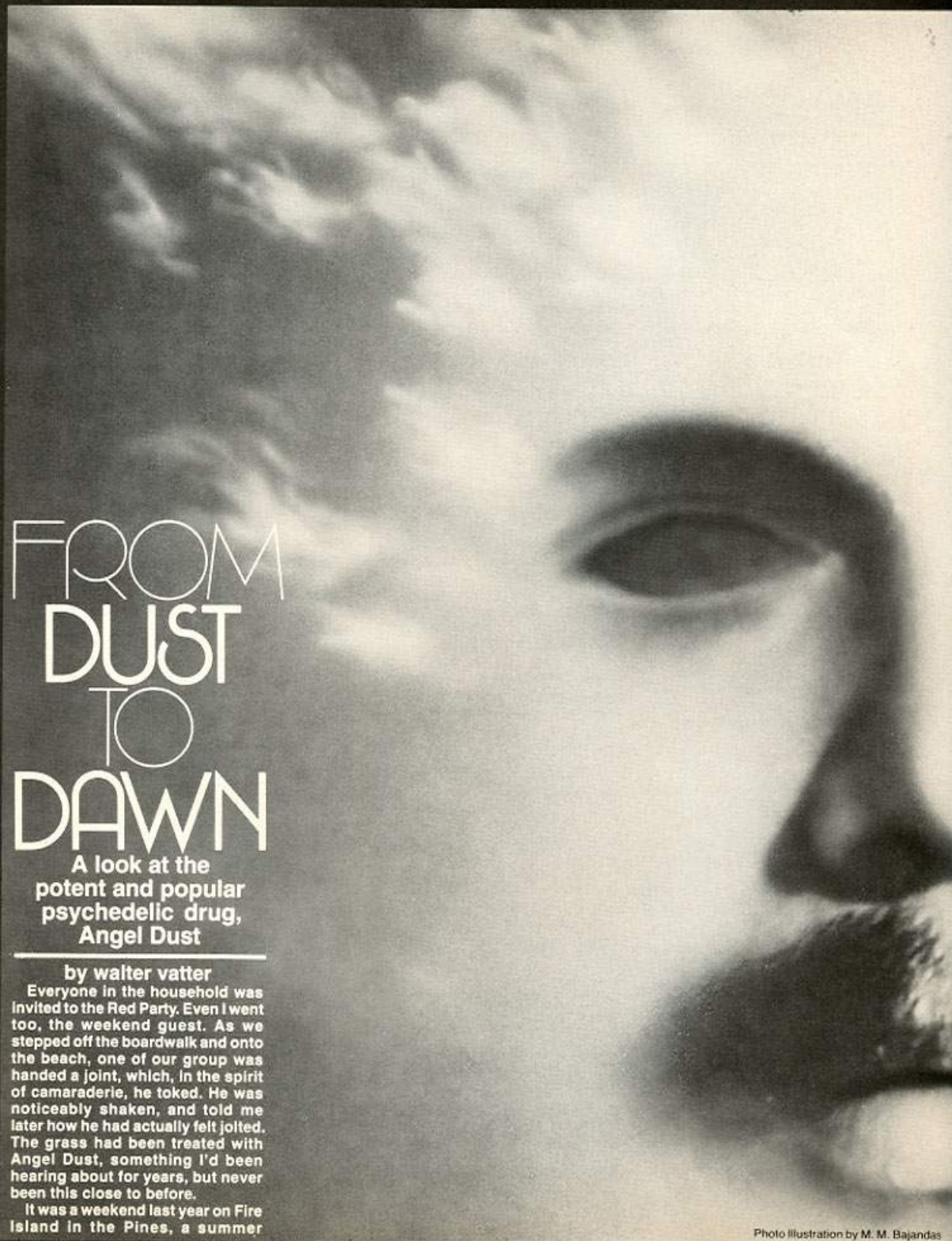
PISCES
February 19/March 20

(July)

If you hear violins on the 5th and 6th, and your doodling is full of hearts and flowers, welcome to the wonderful world of the lovestruck. Your immediate reaction might be to buy him the moon. Settle for a box of candy instead. Only time can tell if this is going to be lasting, and there's not much you can do about it. At the moment you're full of passion and erratic thinking.

(August)

Some clear thinking is absolutely necessary to put over those projects that have taken you so long to work out. The possibilities for success early this month are excellent, but there are destructive elements around you that may sway you from what you have to get done. Trust your instincts and look at the big picture from an objective distance. A lot of things are on the line right now and the right choices have to be made. You've got all the answers and with a little effort you can maintain complete control.



FROM DUST TO DAWN

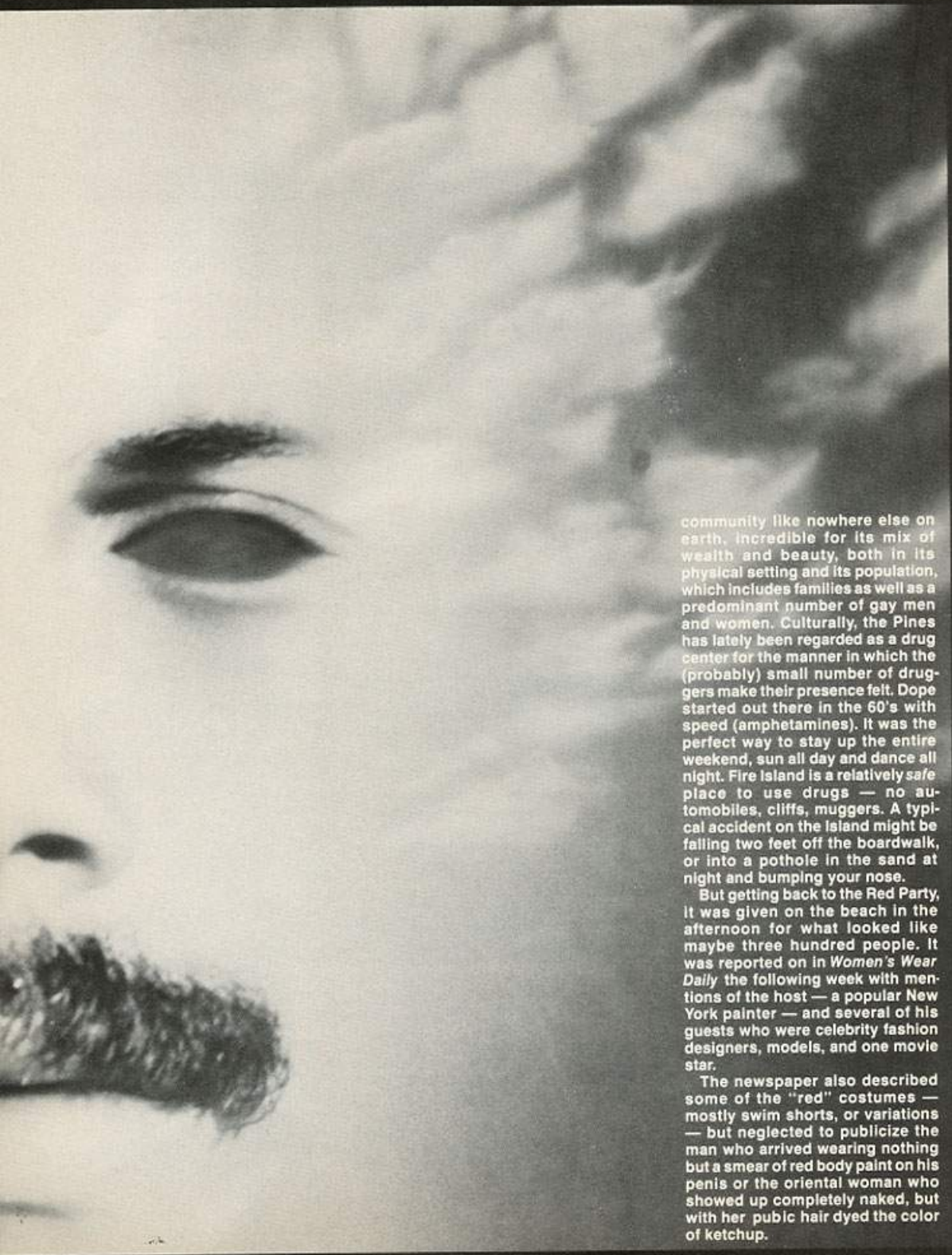
A look at the potent and popular psychedelic drug, Angel Dust

by walter vatter

Everyone in the household was invited to the Red Party. Even I went too, the weekend guest. As we stepped off the boardwalk and onto the beach, one of our group was handed a joint, which, in the spirit of camaraderie, he toked. He was noticeably shaken, and told me later how he had actually felt jolted. The grass had been treated with Angel Dust, something I'd been hearing about for years, but never been this close to before.

It was a weekend last year on Fire Island in the Pines, a summer

Photo illustration by M. M. Bajandas



community like nowhere else on earth, incredible for its mix of wealth and beauty, both in its physical setting and its population, which includes families as well as a predominant number of gay men and women. Culturally, the Pines has lately been regarded as a drug center for the manner in which the (probably) small number of druggers make their presence felt. Dope started out there in the 60's with speed (amphetamines). It was the perfect way to stay up the entire weekend, sun all day and dance all night. Fire Island is a relatively *safe* place to use drugs — no automobiles, cliffs, muggers. A typical accident on the Island might be falling two feet off the boardwalk, or into a pothole in the sand at night and bumping your nose.

But getting back to the Red Party, it was given on the beach in the afternoon for what looked like maybe three hundred people. It was reported on in *Women's Wear Daily* the following week with mentions of the host — a popular New York painter — and several of his guests who were celebrity fashion designers, models, and one movie star.

The newspaper also described some of the "red" costumes — mostly swim shorts, or variations — but neglected to publicize the man who arrived wearing nothing but a smear of red body paint on his penis or the oriental woman who showed up completely naked, but with her pubic hair dyed the color of ketchup.

What *WWD* didn't write about was the drug *du jour*, Angel Dust. Now I can't say who was tripping on Dust or who wasn't, but I do know there was a lot of talk about it, and certainly the silver and gold glitter the bartenders — serving ice water and red fruit — were tossing at all those oily, tanned bodies sweating under the August sun, had to stand for something.

After the party, back at the house, I was sitting alongside the pool when several people wandered in for a visit. I don't remember who they came to see, but I do recall he either wasn't there or was busy in his bedroom, so they sat down with me to wait. No sooner had I offered them a glass of wine than they offered me a snort of Dust.

Part of the routine in the Pines is the daily late afternoon Tea Dance on the deck of the Botel near the dock. I wandered over that day and was offered Angel Dust again. Besides that, a familiar face from the city sidled up to me and asked if I knew where to buy Dust.

By this time my curiosity had peaked. Angel Dust was obviously a street name for something, but what? Was it a chemical? An up? A down? I had a vague memory of someone telling me years ago that Angel Dust was rough stuff, a kinky drug.

So I asked about it at dinner that night, but no one could give me a real answer. A few people had qualified opinions about Angel Dust, but none facts. Some of the opinions were outrageous, I thought. An elephant tranquilizer. Strychnine. Framaldahyde. I canvassed the diners to find out if everyone had tried Dust, and most of them had. I asked why they'd take something like this with virtually no knowledge of what it was or how it might affect them. The answers all sounded like, "I saw someone doing Dust, and it didn't hurt them, so ..." People don't like to inventory their motives while they're "on" drugs, and that was the case at this dinner. I had asked enough questions.

I could site several more times that weekend (... indeed until the dawn! ...) when there was evidence of Angel Dust. But I needn't, the point is made. Angel Dust was a popular drug last summer, yet nobody really knew what it was, and my other suspicion, that people have trouble with Dust, even die from it, was confirmed later.

Dr. Robert Millman is a psychiatrist. He has a private practice as well as a full-time post with the Cornell University Medical Center-New York Hospital teaching and doing research on alcohol and drug abuse. Early in his training, before he decided to specialize in psychiatry, Dr. Millman spent some time in the Pines as a doctor on assignment from the Suffolk County Board of Health. It was then he became interested in the gay community *and* the drug scene. Since that time, Dr. Millman has returned to various Fire Island communities to further his research in the area of drug use.

At the start of our first interview, Dr. Millman handed me several published reports on Angel Dust and translated their contents from technical data to language I could easily understand. "The papers you read make it sound like an epidemic," he said. "It relates to the fact that these guys make their livings talking drug abuse, and if you become an expert on a terrible drug menace, you're bigger time. You get published in better journals, so everyone wants to make it into a real horror, a real mess. There is a real tendency for these writers to make it into a mess."

In Dr. Millman's opinion the Angel Dust situation isn't really an uncontrollable hazard. "Nothing at all like the alcohol problem in terms of frequency," he emphasized. "But Angel Dust is a killer, a killer of sorts." And he added that according to very recent reports, the Angel Dust problem is considered much graver in cities other than New York — Philadelphia and San Francisco in particular.

Angel Dust is a synthetic called phencyclidine, originally introduced on the market in 1957 under the brand name Sernyl by Parke, Davis and Company and recommended for "clinical trials" in humans. Its emergent reactions — agitation, excitement, disorientation, hallucinations — prompted Parke, Davis, in 1965, to discontinue their recommendation for the drug's use with humans, and since 1967 phencyclidine has been available for legitimate use only as a tranquilizer for primates (apes, gorillas, etc.).

Phencyclidine is a white crystalline solid which is soluble in water and alcohol. It can be made into powder and snorted; sprinkled on grass, tobacco, parsley, etc. and smoked; mixed with food and ingested; made into a liquid for injection into the veins; used to "cut" other drugs such as cocaine.

It isn't surprising that phencyclidine found a place in the drug culture in California in the 1960's. According to Dr. Millman: "People will take anything. Any drug that is made and has a psychoactive effect somebody will try to take, and that's what happened with Angel Dust. Someone got ahold of some Sernyl, from a vet maybe, because they heard the animals were freaking out, and they thought they had to try that, and they tried it and had a very good time."

Many of Dr. Millman's observations are made at rock concerts. He described them in this way: "I've seen people sit in the corner and stare with their mouths open without moving, so you pinch them and still they don't move until you finally pinch them very hard. I've seen people get really freaked out — frightened, crying and screaming, extremely nervous. And I've seen people on a wonderful trip and just laugh and laugh for hours. Some people now swear by it. They think Angel Dust is the safest drug, the greatest psychedelic, and they don't believe the negatives."

If one is having a good experience with the drug, it's a "trip" that lasts from four to six hours, as compared to LSD which lasts twelve hours, maybe more. Another illustrative difference between the two psychedelics is that Angel Dust produces a very physical sensation. You feel tense or you see funny, your eyes work strangely. With LSD, one's consciousness is very bizarre, but one functions — physically — the same.

The various states reached by using phencyclidine are very dose-dependent, related to the amount taken. Just as easily as someone can have a lovely, giggly time while they're "doing" small amounts, with higher doses of Angel Dust they might experience horizontal/vertical nystagmus (uncontrollable fluttering of the eyeballs, either up and down, or sideways), hypertension, a comatose state or respiratory depression, which may lead to death. One of the obvious problems with the drug, as with all non-prescription drugs, is that regardless of how ready a person may be psychologically to use it, few people know how much of it they're getting.

I raised the question of why so many people will sniff, snort, swallow — whatever — just about any drug with little knowledge of what they're taking. "That's not hard to understand at all," Dr. Millman began. "I think that humans like to change their heads, just like little kids the minute they can walk will spin around wildly and make themselves dizzy, because the act of changing one's consciousness is a positive. It's an altered state, one men have been seeking forever. We can follow it from little kids and from culture, twenty-five thousand years of human culture. It's perfectly understandable that men want to change their heads, create a new perspective, a new way of looking at the world, at themselves. It's a way of getting out of oneself. And then there is the obvious reason of escape. Learning. You learn a lot by disordering your consciousness and looking at your life from a different place. I'm a firm believer in the wisdom people have gotten by changing their heads."

On the subject of paranoid types, highly anxious personalities: "They're looking to allay their symptoms, to medicate themselves. But the ones who are truly disordered, when they take a psychedelic like phencyclidine, are going to make their symptoms worse. You shouldn't take this drug if you're disturbed to begin with. Most disturbed people know that after one or two experiences, and they'll take downs

(Continued on page 75)

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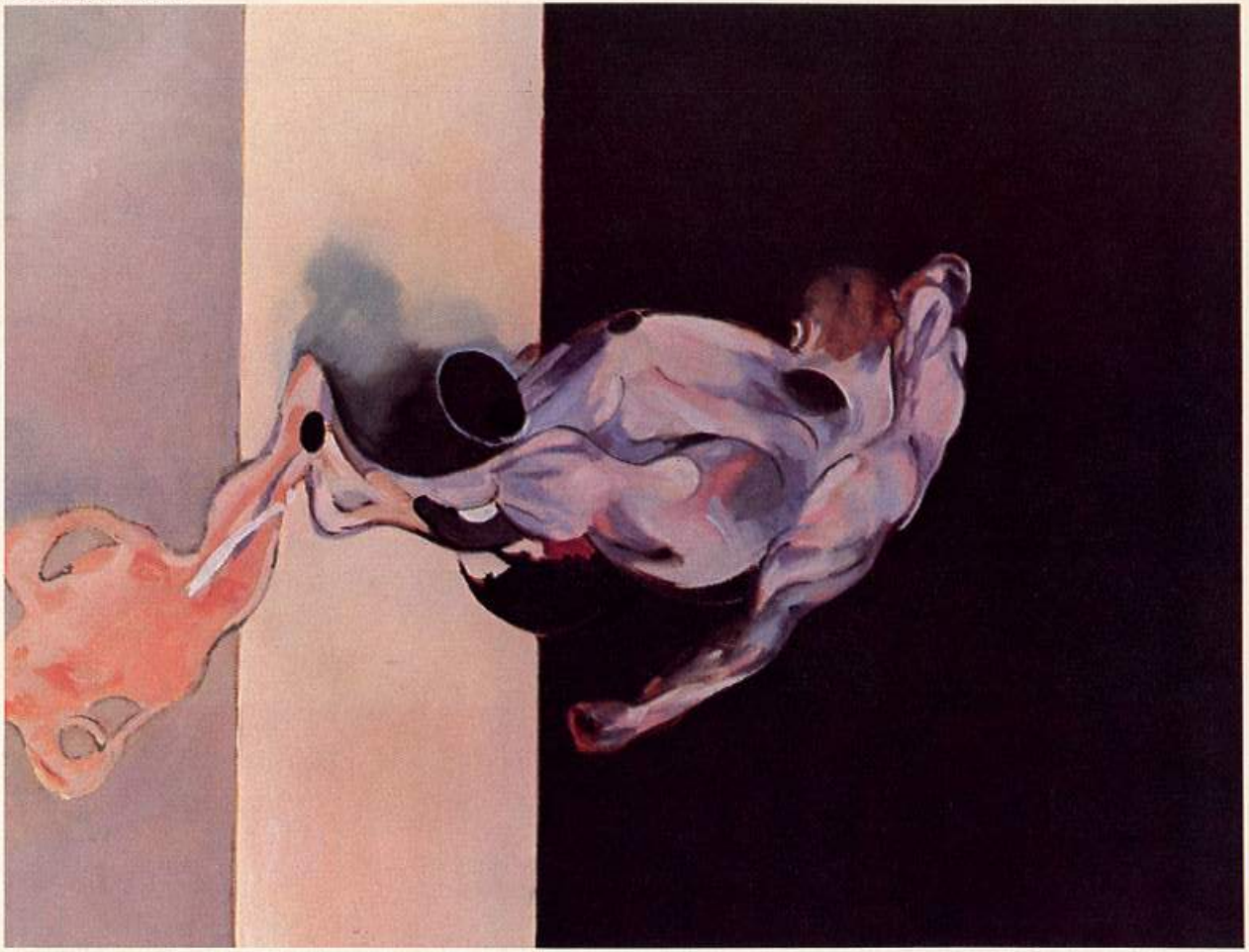
DECOMPOSITION by Neil Alan Marks

It is a stench from the cauldrons in *Macbeth:* so evil, like the uncovered garbage after the storm: so enticing, like the Russian Orthodox Easter service. The clerk acknowledges that he is dealing with a man's man. Liberation at the Everhard Baths is a slight modification from bureaucratic insolence to neocivility and all in forty years. The third floor room: British 'Fifties Angry Young Men' films and the same black and white. The room is in fact prefab but there is more a sense of motels outside Chicago: filthy, common, hairy. Old tribunes who wield pen axes during the day lie face down next to belts to be thrashed against their fallen behinds. They are the same men who listen to their wives in the laxative commercials.

Purple Passion came highly recommended from the dealer who is a double agent: working in New Jersey as a drug buster and in New York as a seller of same. Neil's body exudes a rare wonderful odor under the influence of mescaline. It is too

Illustrated By Cristian Garcia



sweet for armpits, as it is too subtle for veal tarragon. He does paradoxically think that it is the smell of the brain burning up. The gay equivalent of shopping bag ladies are arriving with their athletic canvas bags. These transmigrated merchants from Central Asia are shown to their rooms by would-be Irish hooligans who have incorporated their gay clientele's genius for understanding symbolism. One brandishes a pink playtex glove and feigns S&M-ing it with his sidekick. The world here is searching for scripts and stars. Purple Passion has given Neil a retrospective understanding of *The Waves* by Virginia Woolf, which is being transcribed for a radio station by his friend Judith. Rhythms are constant even when they don't appear to be. Every twentieth wave, corresponding approximately to minutes, is a powerful thrust that fills the desperately empty canyons until they are ironically in an opposite state of longing. A hairy actor poses in Neil's doorway but Neil comments to Neil that he is hairy in the wrong places etcetera, etcetera.

An unexpected tidal wave emerges and Neil becomes the canyon with the perfect echo: the odor now intoxicating beyond Beethoven and tears. If the perfect Deity enters the canyon, Neil senses that he will reach omnipotence. That very afternoon, he had talked about sensuality and why some people exude it and others don't. The only people at the table who didn't understand were the heterosexual men: even the man who is a walking Baroque model. Neil found that embarrassingly funny. If one is halfway masculinist here and he is not too far past the twilight of his youth, he is at least of the royal entourage. And the road from royalty to omnipotence is Purple Passion or Window Pane or Peach Melba. Everyone must pretend that they are in the running. There are men here whose bodies, for all intents and purposes, no longer exist. They have committed the worst crime in the kingdom: the loss of erotic self concept. Once Neil watched a Star thank everyone who attempted to enter his room and still turn down each and every one of them. Gay men have internalized their symbolic value. So everyone cannot help but pretend that they are in the running. Even the men whose bodies, for all intents and purposes, no longer exist.

The first script revolves around an Italian star. Jewish princes are not so much jealous of their Sicilian counterparts as appreciative: the Allegory of Mind Meeting Body. The man now in Neil's room is not only *not* wasted, he is straight as the Gate: Mean Streets. He is probably clinically psychotic as he stands there being orally worshipped by Neil but like all the Nixons in Congress, he simply wasn't caught. Sadly, Neil likes twists and turns in his scripts and the gentleman in question is strictly spaghetti Westerns. Amyl did bring the Purple Passion over the fifty yard line, but that was the equivalent of four downs and God only talks to himself.

Philip, who is Neil's on again off again manchild, claims that Neil has programmed himself in such a way that he will pseudo-instinctively sing a song reflecting what is on his mind. "My whole world turns a misty blue" he softly croons as he wanders down the hall. But the song, like the Istanbul Bazaar, is too obvious and he silences himself as an Extra, clothed simply in jock strap and a locked chain around his neck: an Extra with a bald head who could pass for the eternal skeleton when he's not posing for pirate flags. An extra strolls by.

Neil returns to his room as the clerk downstairs barks numbers through the intercom; "Twenty six, thirteen and four, out." It's a hoarse raspy New York voice not like the country club Baths on First Avenue where the bitchy voice interrupts the patrons to remind them that they are part of a grocery store chain. But the Everhard is an old fashioned country store: like Cora and her Maxwell House.

Neil moves to the second floor: an exact copy of a World War One hospital room stinking of sweat and amyl with sounds like minor amputations.

A Eurasian stands in the doorway and Neil remembers that he had been in love with a Eurasian for three days in Kathmandu until he saw this same young man from Chicago (do people *really* live there after they grow up?) read aloud something from *Time* as if he believed. Anyway, Neil had been in India for most of that year and hadn't kissed anyone except the Singhalese man in the YMCA in Columbo and he wouldn't kiss anyone else until three months later in Kabul when the object of this strictly blind passion asked him to draw a picture of a woman since the young Afghani had never seen one. Now, he tries to be subtle about saying no, unlike the Star he had once observed who actually did the thumbs down number every time someone entered the room who wasn't to his liking. Thus, Neil gazes at the wall. He soon moves into the bathroom, glances in the mirror and realizes that he doesn't look anything like he did when he left the apartment. He has picked a new script however: soupy steamy sweat in the Amazon.

Neil is again on his bed trying to figure out what pose means what to whom. Stretched out prone with right arm jacked behind his head to emphasize the tufts of hair in the pits: his hair being his second great commodity after his eyes ("Crazy," a trick once said, "like former Russian nobility after the Revolution."). There is, of course, his naturally massive chest which he almost embarrassingly explains is God's compensation for all the introspective shit he must go through. Neil decides to sit up on the bed. He is decidedly ambivalent about this since he doesn't want to give the appearance of being a mass murderer. Not that images of mass murderers are unpopular here; they beat Christians handily. As luck would have it, a man who Neil had seen and been undecided about ("Well on the one hand ...") stands at the door just as one of the peak Holy Waves rushes over the body. Neil pulls the man in by his nipples and delivers a kiss which he feels has gone right through the stranger's soul. But Mr. On-the-One-Hand does not see himself as Ulysses Returned and Neil blocks his own towel covering his genitals as the man fades off. Abortions are quick operations indeed.

Neil decides to do the patrol. Familiar faces beckon him. The man who looks like a delicatessan owner with mammoth cheeks and those "triste" Jewish eyes: mezzuzah-like amil chained around his neck, beckons any and all into his room. But Neil's script has never called for God the Father. He thus moves to the Second Floor past the orgy room: an exact copy of a World War One hospital room stinking of sweat and amil with sounds like minor amputations. But Neil didn't go to see Dylan at the Isle of Wight and he wouldn't have gone to Woodstock even if he'd been in the country and he isn't casting *Aida*. Further on, his eyes pummel a neo-perfect body attached to a pair of former middle class now insane eyes. It's a tricky business delineating the clinically insane from the artfully insane especially in towels since, fully clothed, the former tend to sport shoes which were not even in vogue twenty years ago when they were issued. The difference has to do with drugs and sex and the habitual combination of the two leaving the eyes unabashedly crazed and eternally craving. To Neil's surprise and mounting trepedition, the man beckons Neil to follow him. Neil is frightened because he has understood the Scale for years and is confident enough to know where he fits in the Epistomology of Beauty and finds himself markedly below his new found Virgil. The man is not so much beautiful as Lust Himself. Strangely enough, upon entering his room, he ignores lighting the lamp and the two men are soon marinating in their sweat. Virgil is quite taken with Neil's wonderous nipples which are the latter's microscopic gift to the pornographic imagination. The poet slaps Neil's ass and he replies in kind for, despite years abroad hobnobbing with anyone in any station

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by clarke taylor

I am somewhere in lower Manhattan, somewhere in the middle of the night. I am surrounded by beautiful people lost in the soaring sound of Donna Summer. Boogie fever. I am bathed at one moment in blue moonshine, at another in sunset. I may choose my mood, even my sex. I know everyone; I know no one. I am touched, felt, found, and I am alone. I am a product of this environment, no more, no less. I am having the time of my life without knowing the time, and I am peering in at my life, which I cannot define. These are the perimeters of my experience in a strange, and foreign, and even primal land: disco madness.

In the light of day I know I've experienced Les Mouches, New York's newest and most elegant disco (If Halston were to design one, it would look like this.), but I might have been in similar time and space in Washington, Atlanta, Miami, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, or even Monterey. Disco transcends the geographical, even the spiritual boundaries of our ordinary lives.

And disco works its magic not only for gays (although gays all but invented the phenomenon), but for other minorities, and the straight middle class, and even the rich and famous — as though they needed yet another escape from the real world.

What is disco an escape to? Is it merely another entertainment, the big band sound of the 70's? If so, why does it seem that modern technology combined with modern lifestyles has created a Ritual Event out of empty space? What is it that has taken normal, productive, often successful men and turned them into what observers might easily call "crazed" of a Saturday night? And what is the quality of this life? If disco is a state of mind, what is there about it that makes us want to be there, and can we survive the trip?

Nearly all children love to swing. They love the soar, during which they are removed from reality, freed from having to grow up, forestalled from

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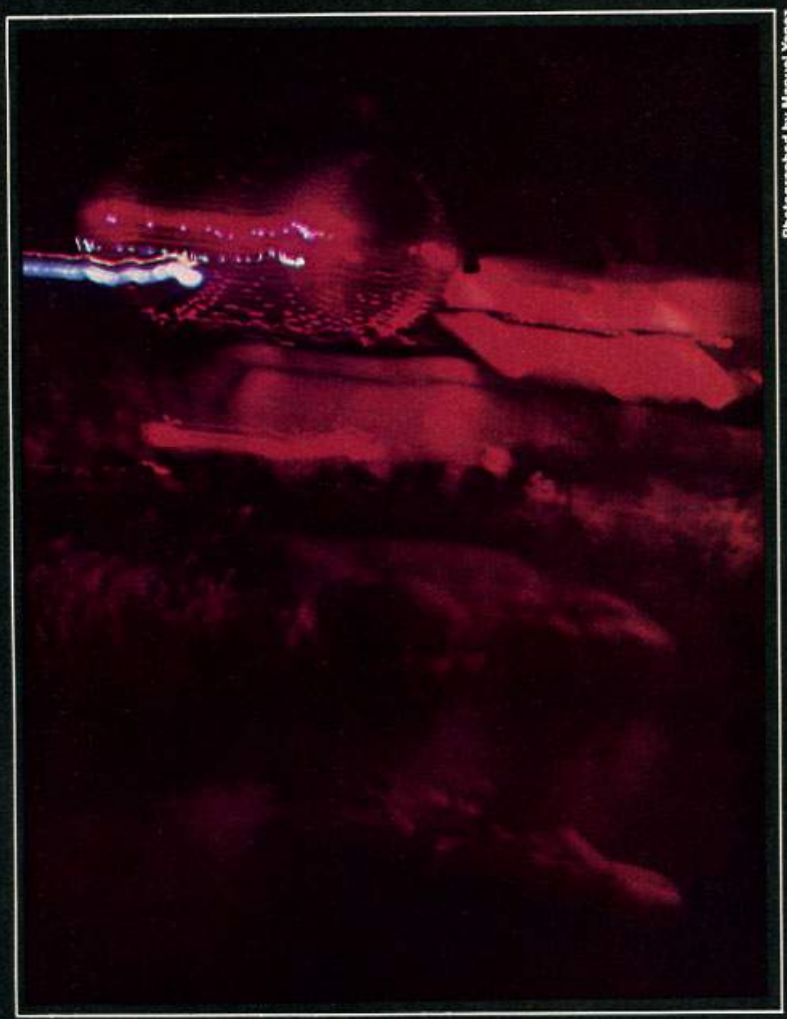

Photographed by Manuel Yanez

DISCO

MADNESS

SUPERGAYS

WHAT MAKES THEM SUCCEED?

Successful gay men. We all know them. The ones who are always on top, getting promoted, or else going it alone and opening their own business. Then succeeding wildly. We work with them, drink with them, cruise them. They're confident, positively glowing, damn it. While the rest of us sit here day after day at the same boring job, they're out there slaying the dragons, making the coups, closing the big deals. Content with their success so far, and yet always looking forward to the new triumphs to come. How the hell do they do it?

There isn't a secret. Talk with them, as I have. You'll find they agree on a couple of things immediately: Hard work and the drive to succeed. That's important. Everything else is secondary, including being homosexual.

No man ever became the National Sales Manager, the Board Chairman, or the owner of a chain of beauty salons or a successful plant shop without working for it. And working hard. If an evening at the theater was missed, that was the price. If the lover had to entertain alone, there was no choice. The job came first.

Underlying that dedication, there is the drive to succeed. All these men knew they would be a success. It was a fact of life for them. Not that they were stone men with no feelings of doubt or momentary indecision. Rather, they accepted those feelings, those doubts, overcame them and went on. And up. Those personal shortcomings were things to be dealt with, things to attack and solve, just like their competition was something to deal with and overcome.

Still, what is it in these supergays that gives them that drive, that desire, that intangible qual-

BY BRUCE WERNER /ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE CALVER

ity that boosts them to the top of their professions?

Any generalization about gay men, will, like any other, fall apart under close scrutiny. There are all kinds of exceptions. It is important to note that those same things apply whether we're talking about the man who succeeds within the corporate structure or one who goes out and works only for himself. Talking with these men, I've had the eerie feeling quite often that they would have succeeded in just about any profession they had gone into.

I guess the most universal quality these men have is a physical one. It's rather difficult to describe. Not that they all looked alike. They didn't. Most were, however, taller than average. It is statistically accurate to say that one of the prime physical characteristics required for success today is above-average height. The man who gets promoted is often the tallest of the candidates for the job.

One of the men I talked with is the manager of a very successful personnel recruitment agency. He said that he doesn't usually send out candidates who are under six feet because they won't have a chance. Unless that candidate meets every other requirement for a job, height is very important. It applies, incidentally, to all his candidates, gay or straight.

Aside from their common altitude, these successful men had an air about them, an attitude of confidence. They spoke only in positive terms, with few phrases such as "perhaps" or "maybe". What they said was absolutely correct, with no possibility of question, regardless of what they were talking about. Where most of us would say, "It seems to me," before making a declarative statement, they simply made it, as if that opinion was the only one that counted. At times, I ought to add, their positiveness got to be rather trying.

Manner of dress is important, as well. There are no set rules here, by the way. What works in one kind of job doesn't in another. The recruiter insists all of his employees wear suits, three-piece being preferred. Even coordinating sports jackets and slacks are unacceptable. He feels a hiring agent for a client company will be much more inclined to take the advice of one of his men if that man is dressed conservatively and somewhat formally. He says it makes his men "look like they're worth listening to." I question that feeling, but his agency's success speaks for itself.

Another, a very well-paid salesman for hair and beauty products, had a run-in with his boss over clothes. This time, though, the boss was equally emphatic about NOT wearing a three-piece suit. It was "too formal" and would "put off" prospective buyers. The salesman was also told he could not wear cowboy boots, even though his territory covered the western states where boots and a suit are not all that uncommon. Nonetheless, his boss felt that they were too masculine and might alienate the customers. Sounds silly. But, the salesman did as he was told. Currently, he is the highest volume salesman in the company. He is in direct line for a District Manager's slot when the next one opens.

Besides the kind of footgear or suit, poise and conduct can be very important. A "hairburner" (the salesman's term ...) I know in the East carries on like a mad queen in his shops. In private, he's rather reserved and masculine, preferring Adidas and levis. But when he's working, it's satin shirts, tight pants, lots of wrist action. His hands never seem to stop moving, and even his voice goes up an octave or two. I asked him why this change of behavior when he's working. "It's part of the show," he explained. "The customers love it and the employees expect it."

One of the more successful real estate brokers in San Francisco says that he's always aware of how he's coming across physically. He makes it a point to keep his feet about twelve inches apart when standing ("More masculine and in control"), of never crossing his arms in front of himself when talking with a client or another salesman ("Makes one too stand-offish and overly reserved"), and of never, never crossing his legs when he sits down ("If I put one knee over the other, it looks too feminine. If I put my calf or ankle on top of the knee, my crotch is exposed and that distracts the client.") Sounds off the wall, right? That man grossed over $60,000 last year.

Where most of us would say, "It seems to me," before making a declarative statement, they simply made it, as if that opinion was the only one that counted.

I decided to ask my friend, whose plant shop is doing extremely well, about this thing with the clothes. Surely he wouldn't agree with all this psychological nonsense about clothes and their effects. Wrong. "Of course," he said. "What I wear is basically practical. But, do you honestly think my customers would come to me for advice about the right light for their ferns or how to kill their mealy bugs if I didn't look like I actually got down and dug in the dirt with the plants I sell? I know they wouldn't. My looking like a gardener is what keeps a lot of them coming back again and again, and buying more. Fortunately for me," he added, "I'm basically a slob, so it's not difficult to dress the part. But let me tell you, even if I weren't, I'd still dress like this at work."

Okay, so maybe clothes DO make the man. I tried another tack on this question of supergay professionals. What about geography? Does the place make the difference? Is the gay man better off if he starts that climb up the ladder in New York or San Francisco? Or, are his chances just as good in Des Moines or Paducah? Looking back at my own experience, the answer seemed to be yes, geography does make a difference. As a younger man, I came to San Francisco because I felt uncomfortable in my home town. I wanted to be with my own kind, and the percentages looked pretty good in this town. Today, I'm a sales representative for a national company. I'm doing okay. Did I get to this point (and, hopefully, will go a lot farther) because of this city? Yes, without a doubt. I got into this job because I knew other gays, and through them, the person who hired me into this company. In another place, I probably would not have had as large a circle of acquaintances because I don't normally socialize with people who aren't gay. Because of the large number of gays here, and the straights who are friendly with them, I had often heard about one company or other that was looking for help. Ultimately, I heard about this one, made arrangements through gay friends to meet the Regional Manager, and got the job. Of course, since then, I've worked hard and, in my opinion, grown a lot both in my knowledge of the product and in my own sales abilities. It may not be the greatest job in the world, but I like it.

In addition, I've made a number of sales because I knew gay men and women socially who were in a position to use what I had to offer. They called me. Was that because I am gay and they are too? Or just because my company was well-known and enjoyed a good reputation? Or simply because I was handy? Probably, it was some combination of all three, plus a few more things I haven't thought of. The point is: In my own case, being gay, and in business, and in San Francisco, all helped to get me where I am.

The manager of the personnel agency feels that it made little difference in his case. He feels that the major problem in San Francisco for him professionally isn't the high number of homosexuals. Rather, it's simply the high number of very qualified men and women who live in the Bay Area. "If I had these kinds of candidates to show my client companies in any other city in the country, and I'm including New York now, I'd be doing twice as well as I am." He paused a moment, smiled and went on, "All I have to do here is put a tiny ad in the paper and I've got ten candidates who meet every qualification I need for a particular job. It's incredible." I asked him how many of his applicants were gay. "Well, that's hard to say. Except

for a few very high-level placements, I don't normally get involved with a candidate's private life. Of course, we usually recognize each other after a little fencing around. But, except for the hiring agents who live in the immediate area, I'm certain most of the company representatives who interview my candidates really don't have any idea which ones are what. And they probably don't care. They want a good man on the job, not a good lay."

But, did being gay ever help him, personally, in his success? He paused a moment, then answered, "Well, yes. I suppose it did at first. I knew quite a few professional men here through the usual gay channels. That is to say, I'd met them at parties or what-have-you. So, when I called to try and get them to see a prospective employee, I was usually able to get to them directly on the phone. Their secretaries didn't screen me out like they did the other 'headhunters', probably because I was a friend. In that way, I guess it did. If there hadn't been as many gay men in this area, even back then, there simply wouldn't have been as many gay hiring authorities. Things would have been somewhat more difficult in the beginning, I suppose."

The real estate broker echoes that point. "Real estate," he said, "is basically taking advantage of your friends." He paused, obviously thinking of how to put it without sounding too mercenary. "That is to say, knowing people on a lot of different bases, then letting them know that if they are thinking about buying or selling, you can help.

"My first sale was the direct result of a trick I picked up one night on Folsom Street. He had just been transferred here from Atlanta. He was busy setting up a new sales office and didn't have a lot of spare time. After we had gotten it on, the next morning actually, he mentioned that he hated renting and wished he had more time to look for a house to buy. I told him I was in real estate and offered to help. He said that since I was aware of his 'special needs' in a house, to do some looking and let him know what I found. Eventually, he bought a three-unit Victorian through me, one with a large basement under it. Now he lives in the ground floor unit and has the most wonderful torture chamber in that cellar."

I guess you could say that being gay did help. The three of us profited from the large gay community here in San Francisco. What about other large cities. They ought to work in much the same way. A large gay community can only increase the number of acquaintances and thus the channels of information, and therefore the number of possibilities for that beginning position or the opening with another company that can lead to bigger and better things.

But what about the established man? Does being gay and in a large city help?

(Continued on page 60)

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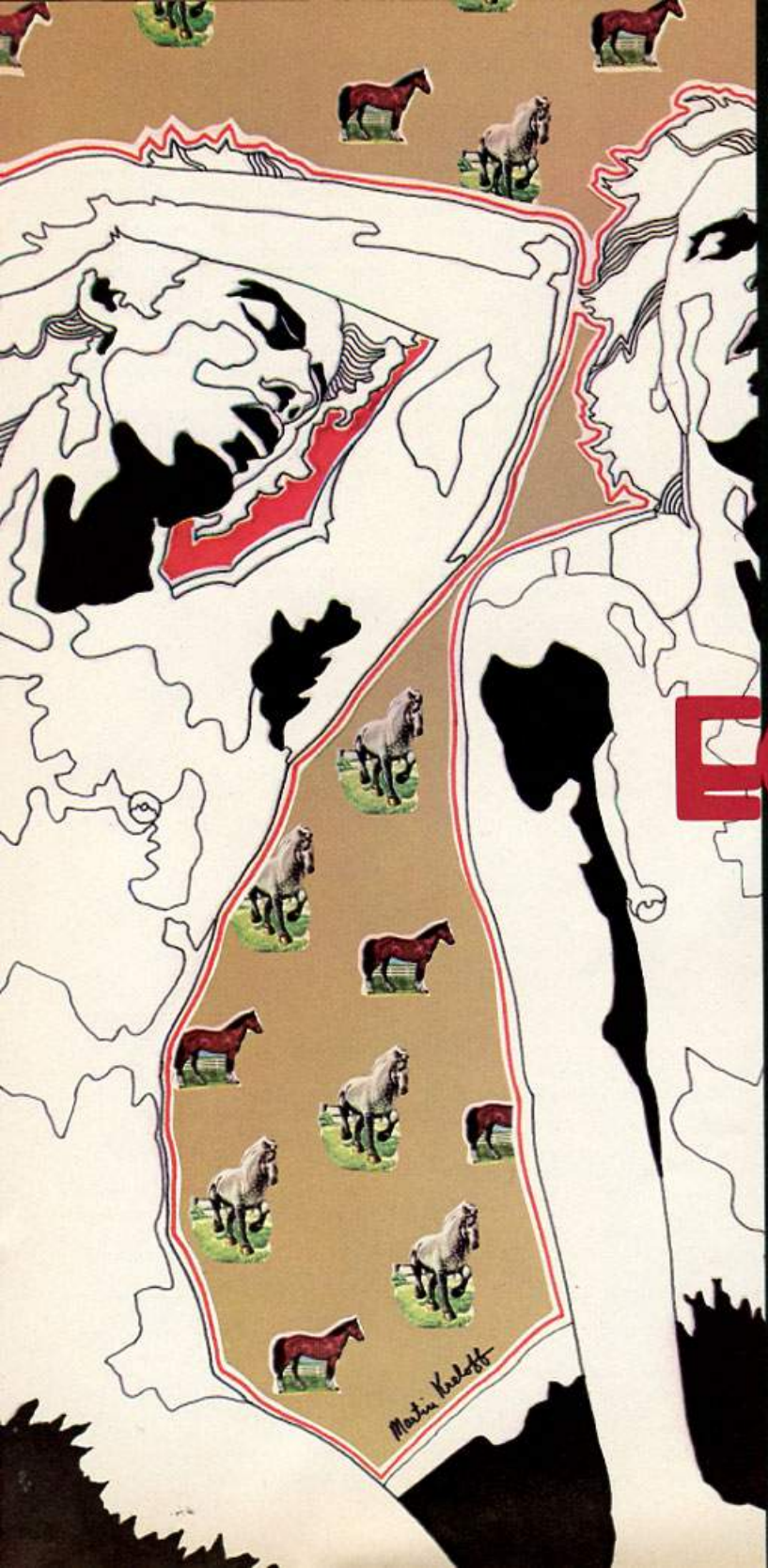

by jim fragale

EQUUS

Blueboy takes you to the film set of the only "straight" play that has made money on Broadway in years.

As these words are written, director Sidney Lumet is working eighteen back-breaking hours a day, seven days a week in a cluttered cutting room somewhere in New York City readying United Artist's *Equus* for the silver screen.

A successful stage play, now in its third year on Broadway, *Equus* was cabalistically filmed last winter in Toronto, Canada, where a dozen reporters from around the world were flown to Toronto for two days to meet with the *Equus* company.

Equus concerns itself with the efforts of a psychiatrist to uncover the reasons why a 17-year-old boy blinded six horses with an iron spike. The psychiatrist's probing takes on the form of a battle between his own clinical logic and the boy's illicit ecstacy.

As the analyst uncovers the clues, he discovers, to his own distress, that in order to cure this boy, he will have to destroy the boy's passion for life. Consequently, conscious of his own uncertain existence, the psychiatrist can't come to terms with his "duty" to relieve the boy's pain if he can substitute only dispassionate emptiness in

Illustrated by Martin Kreloff

its place.

In stage-director John Dexter's original version, the theatrically dramatic effects were so stunning, so compelling, they almost dispelled reservations one had about the play's possible psychiatric and intellectual inaccuracies. Attention must be paid to *Equus*. It is the only straight play that has made money on Broadway in a long time.

All that aside, the intriguing question is how to film a play which is highly dependent on theatrical effects? (In particular, terrifying stage horses played by tall men wearing wire hooves and wire heads.)

The *Equus* filming pivoted around blond actor Peter Firth, who originated the Alan Strang role — the young boy who blinded the horses he loved — in England. When Peter recreated the role on Broadway, he garnered a Tony nomination in 1974. Richard Burton, on the other hand, who plays the film role of psychiatrist Dr. Martin Dysart, was the third replacement in this role on Broadway. *Equus* author Peter Schaffer predicts that when the film is released, Firth will emerge as a star.

When Firth played Alan on Broadway, he hid away in a darkened cell-like dressing room at the top of the theatre, gave few interviews and shunned television. In Canada, although he was "nervous about being asked all these questions," he talked to newsmen anyway. The young actor has two unreleased films coming up. He may not be a household word now, but after the film *Equus* opens, no viewer will forget Peter Firth. Said Lumet: "He has greatness. I don't know where it comes from, but it's there."

Firth and Burton had not worked together before the cameras on the day I talked with them in Toronto, although the film's cameras had been rolling a month. Director Lumet had been shooting around Richard Burton who was completing a follow-up movie to *The Exorcist*, *The Heretic*.

He plays opposite Linda Blair and Louise Fletcher, his first promising hit movie since *Anne Of The Thousand Days* seven years ago. Nearly a dozen Richard Burton pictures have, in the past ten years, either not been released to the vast American audience or been visible only to TV viewers, usually late at night. One project, *Jackpot*, which ironically cast him as an Oscar winner, ran out of financing before it could be completed.

"Peter Firth had it much easier than I," Burton told me. "He hasn't been in the play for more than two years. It's been only a few months since I did it, and it's very difficult to make the adjustment. You have to tone it down, shrink, pull yourself in, make yourself smaller. I'm not really very good at making myself small." He winked.

Lean, handsome, younger-looking than I imagined, Burton, was friendly, relaxed, candid — even though his alarm clock would go off at 5 a.m. the next morning for the first day's shooting. He remained amicable even while one tipsy female reporter persisted in questioning him repeatedly about "Elizabeth." Burton did not drink any wine or alcohol at our press dinner. He sipped tap water.

(The actor recently admitted on CBS' "Who's Who" that he regards himself as an alcoholic and cannot remember many of his films because he was "sloshed" throughout their production.)

Burton wore a dark jacket over a black turtleneck sweater, and I was reminded of Burton's mini-feud with stage-director John Dexter during his Broadway run in *Equus*. Since Dr. Dysart works in a rural English clinic and lives a distinctly modest existence, Dexter tried to persuade his star that the role called for almost frumpy attire, but Burton would not relent. Dramatic realism, yes, but not at the cost of elegance. The actor performed in a Cardin suit, Hermes tie and Cartier watch.

Burton spoke of past films. "I've made 63, I think. I've lost count." (A press release says 37.) "I've played many priests and scads of royalty ... this is my first psychiatrist, I believe."

He spoke of his craft. "Why not ask actors who go from film to the stage why they've sold out to the *stage*?" (Sir Lawrence Olivier once advised Burton: "Make up your mind, dear boy, whether you want to be a household word or an actor."

He spoke of women: "There's this whole image of me in the press as a drinker and a womanizer. I know strong men who virtually weep when they meet me. They think I'm going to seduce their wives or something." Then, turning to his wife Susan Hunt, he smiled. "Of course, that was before I married Susan."

What next, one of the newsmen asked Richard. The couple will vacation in Gstaad, with Maria, the adopted daughter Burton shares with Elizabeth Taylor. He then will make two more films, *The Wild Geese*, and *A Small Town in Germany*. After that, it's *King Lear* on the stage, to be directed by John Dexter, and produced by Alexander H. Cohen.

"I thought I'd like to look at the theatre at Stratford, Ontario, while I'm here with the possibility in mind of doing *Lear* there first. Then London and Broadway."

Next: a chat with Director Sidney Lumet. "What next Sidney? After *Equus*?" Lumet spoke of directing two musicals without naming them. Subsequently it has been printed that Lumet will be paid a million dollars to direct *The Wiz* for the screen. Also, an all-black version of *Pal Joey* is being considered starring his glamourous mother-in-law, Lena Horne, (the Rita Hayworth part). Lumet grins. "I was fired as director from *Funny Girl*, you know." "After that, maybe," Sidney speculates, "Sir Richard Burton's fascinating biography *The Devil Drives*, (by Fawn Brodie) with Sean Connery." He and Connery have been hunting for a property to film for some time, Lumet said.

Earlier Burton had been asked how he was getting along with Sidney. They'd kissed on the lips upon greeting. This is their first film together. Lumet is riding high and Burton's last few films have not been moneymakers.

"We kiss each other on the mouth every day. It's a very kissy company actually. We get on famously," Burton told us and went on to describe Lumet's proficiency. "He's a terribly organized man. Knows every shot and what's happening next." Peter Shaffer, *Equus* author, agreed and added that Lumet was also a "sympathetic man — sympathetic to writers." "In fact," Shaffer said, "Sidney Lumet is a writer's dream." Lumet was praised by every cast member spoken to: he seemed universally loved on the *Equus* movie set.

ON THE SET

The key technical people working on *Equus* — except for the hairdresser, camera operator and make-up men, — were imported from the United States and England. The cast is almost entirely British. Joan Plowright plays Alan Strang's mother; Colin Blakey, his father; Eileen Atkins, the magistrate. Jenny Agutter is Strang's girlfriend, and Harry Andrews plays the stable owner, Dalton.

We arrive at the set close to noon. Peter Firth rushes by. "How are you, Peter Firth?" I ask. "I got up at 6 a.m. and all they've shot today was the back of my head."

We are herded down the hall to another scene, a doctor's office. After rehearsal, Dr. Martin Dysart (Richard Burton), is examining the young man. The young man's insolence is not effective enough. Lumet shouts: "A cigaret for Alan! Make it an English cigaret." (Lumet has an eye for detail). Lumet then says, "Rehearsal!" and they play the scene. Lumet has played a trick. "Terrific scene. Print it." He does this often, relaxing his actors by suggesting they're only rehearsing when he's actually shooting what is in effect "take one." And it works.

Lunchtime. Everyone goes downstairs for lunch except Richard Burton. He retreats into the room marked "Private" with Susan Hunt. His personal aide brings two trays.

This is an ideal time to talk further with author Peter Shaffer.

Shaffer is in good form — sparkling, articulate, amusing, constantly interesting — full of superlatives. ("Paddy Chayefsky is the most important screenwriter of our time.")

He talks about converting his play to film. "Not by cutting very much, just expanding," he demonstrates by stretching his hands. "Most of the soliloquies are intact." There are eight long speeches in *Equus* which the psychiatrist delivers,

looking directly into the camera. Burton filmed them all in one day. Lumet is pleased with the rushes, and the eight speeches may end up in the final cut, as delivered.

Shaffer, with his monk-style gray hair, steel rimmed glasses and rumpled corduroys has been watching every scene. It is difficult to keep his attention for very long.

"The movie is about 80 percent the play. But I've turned things around. Instead of Dysart sitting in the center of the stage and the characters coming to him, he now goes to them. So we've opened it out. This particular day's shooting is devoted to that 20 percent that was not in the play, a series of short scenes showing Dysart attending to his psychiatric routine at the hospital.

Shaffer goes on to explain that he found the filming of *Equus* more confining than the staging because of "the specifics necessary in filming . . . *that* specific horse, *that* specific stable . . . as opposed to imagined ones on stage."

Not Peter Shaffer nor any of the personnel involved in *Equus* would talk about the horses. On the stage, terrifyingly tall actors perched upon steel-wired hooves played the horses. The actors' casting call required men six foot or taller to play these horses. In the film, real horses are used in a special "stylized" way.

The film's producers specifically requested that we not question anyone about this scene. "It has to be seen; it is difficult to talk about," they kept repeating.

Peter Firth, has an orgasm while riding naked on a real horse. This scene was filmed partly in a stable near Toronto and partly in a stable re-created in a studio. Firth's comment afterward: "I rode a grey horse too noble for a name. I couldn't just call him Dobbin. There were some difficulties to begin with. He threw me off twice. The horse knew what was going on. He was very knowing."

The limousine was waiting outside to take us to the airport. There were still unanswered questions. What about the feud between author Peter Shaffer and director John Dexter? Why was Shaffer's successful stage play *Royal Hunt of the Sun* such a bomb on film? Why didn't Shaffer himself write the screenplay for that one too?

I caught the tail end of a conversation between *Village Voice* columnist Arthur Bell and author Peter Shaffer on the eroticism of horses. *Black Beauty* was cited as an example. Shaffer recalled that horses ruled men at the end of *Gulliver's Travels*. I had to get to the airport to catch a plane back to New York. I didn't want to miss the fund raiser for porno star Harry Reems at Elaine's Restaurant that night. (I made it).

EQUUS, the motion picture, opens in New York sometime in the late summer or early fall of this year. ■

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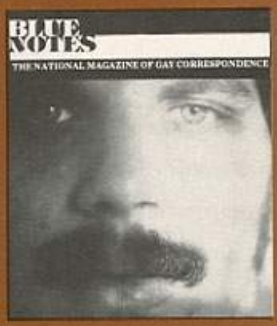

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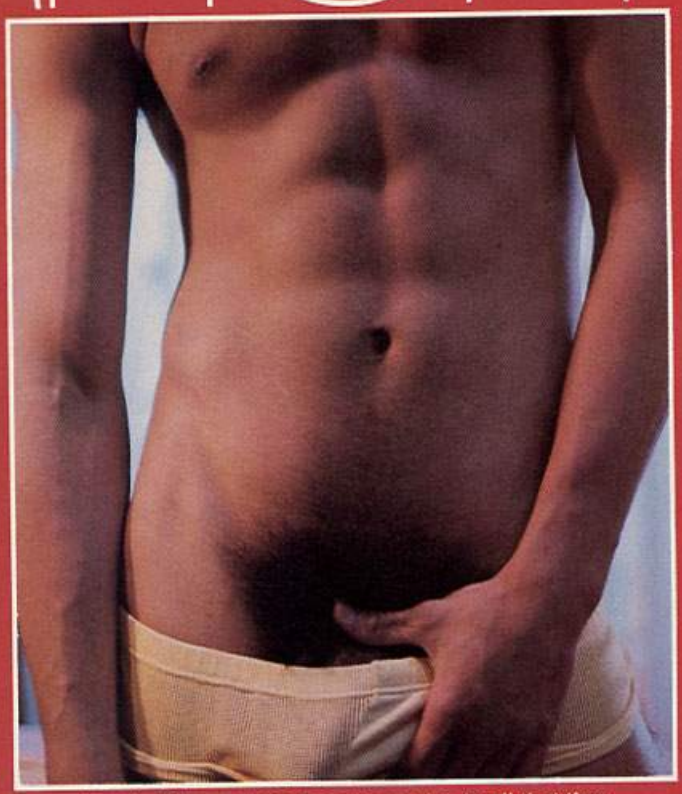
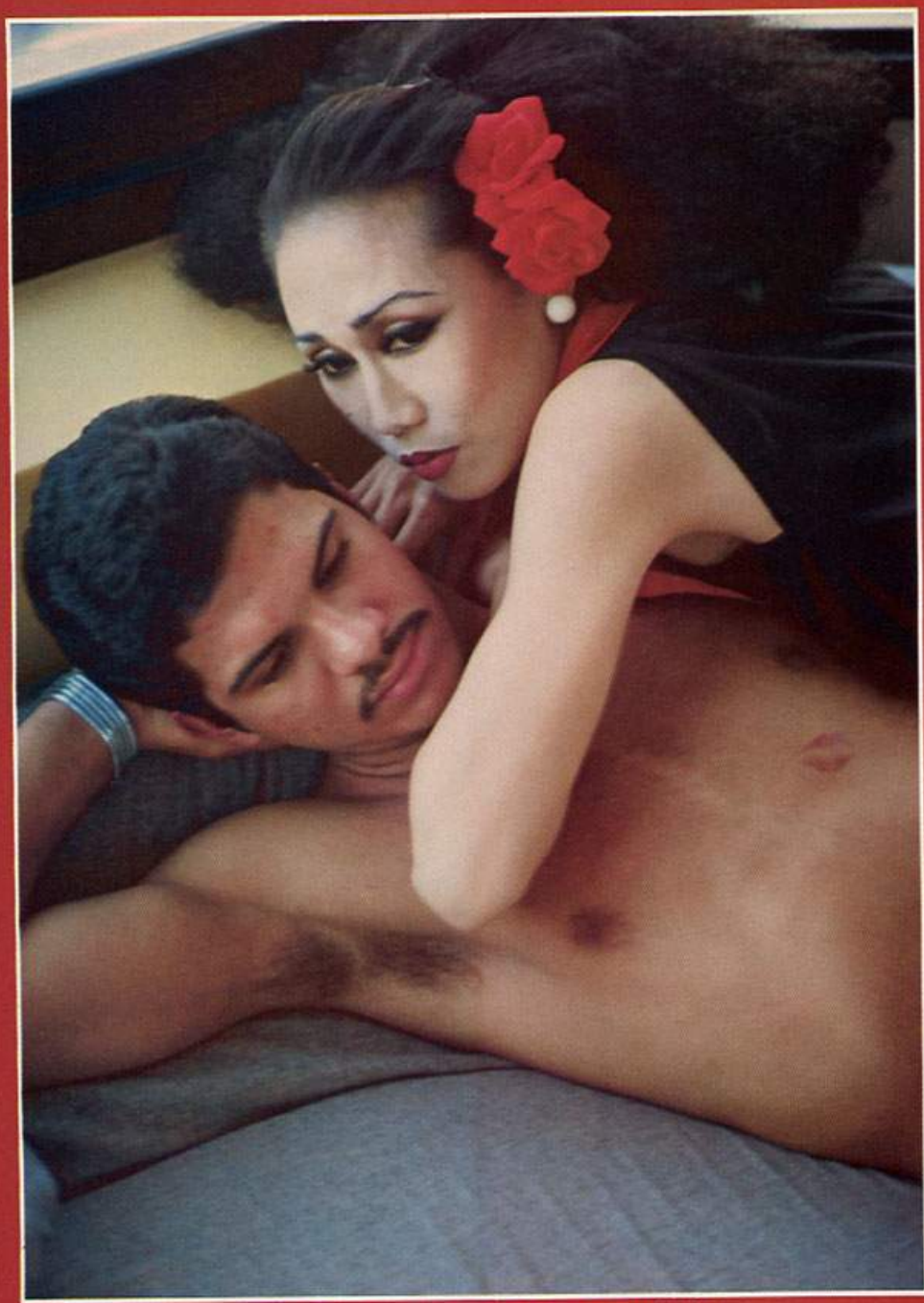


José had been at sea for six months. In all that time, the only sex he had was letters from his lover, Enrique, and fantasies that ended in his hand. When the ship stopped at Macao, he went ashore to a teahouse. There he met a Madame Nao. They began to talk, and he told her how lonely he was.
"I too know about loneliness," she said. "My husband has been gone for nearly a year. Would you like to come to my home?"

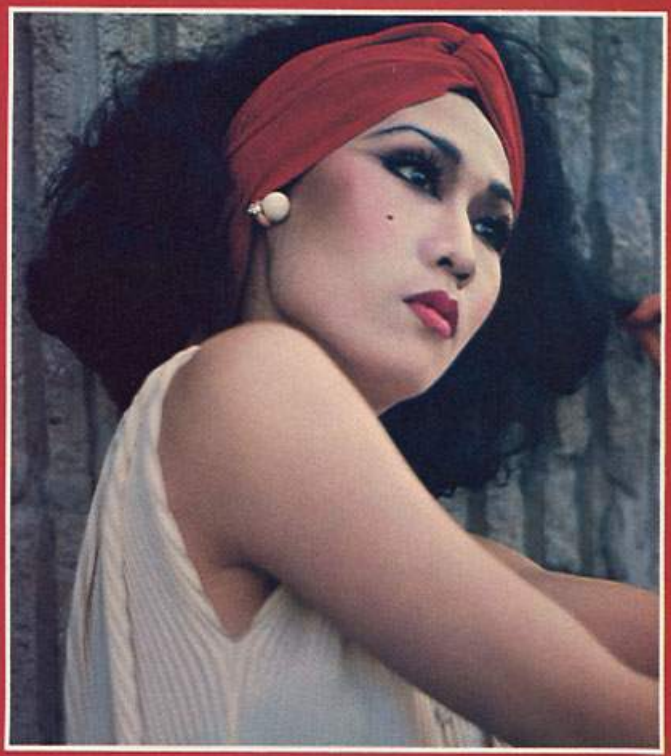
A FANTASY BY WILLIAM SICKEL/PHOTOGRAPHED BY MANUEL YANEZ

José told
Madame Nao about Enrique.
"I don't know
if you can understand
a man loving another man,"
he said.

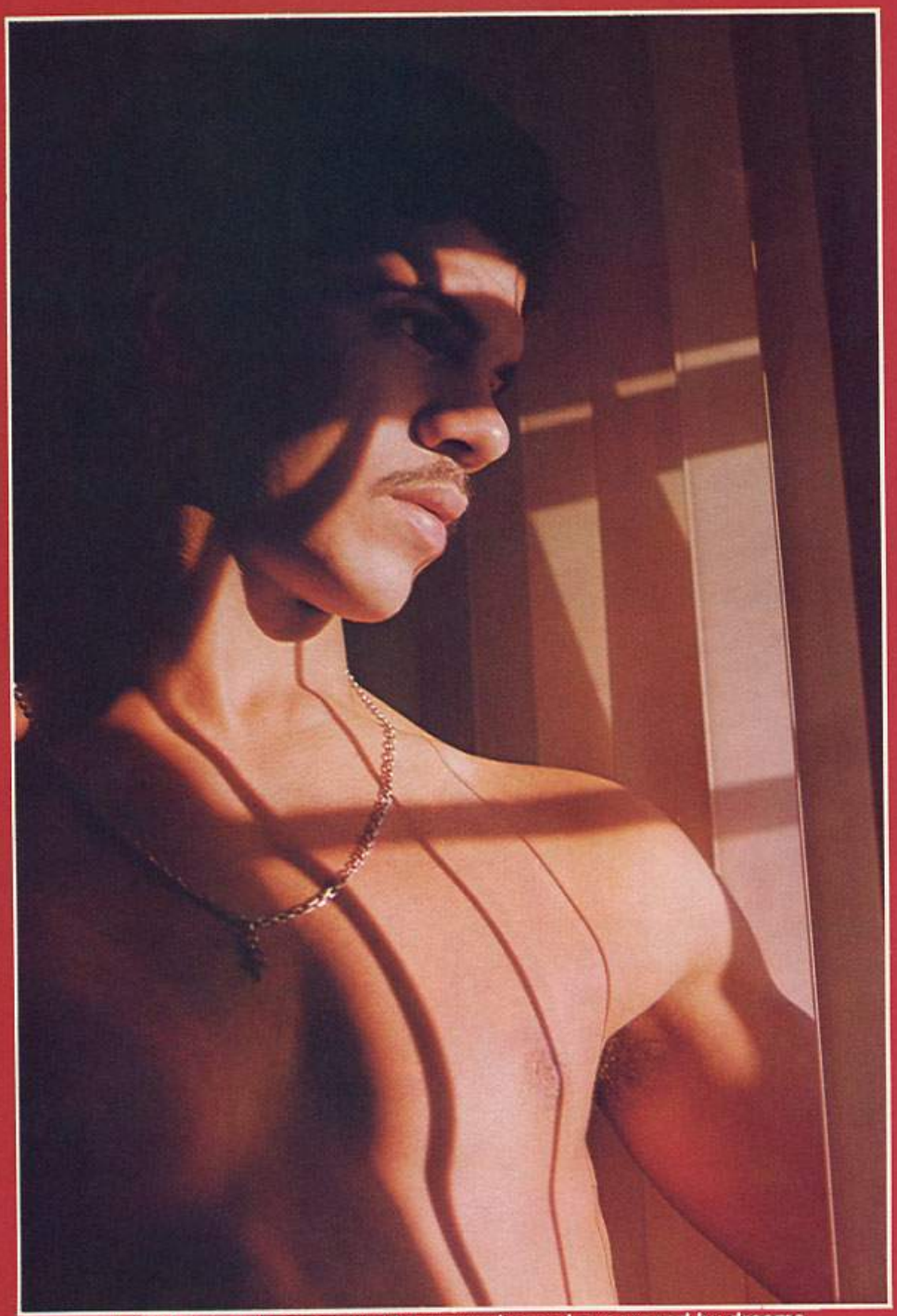
know
much of love between men,"
said Madame Nao,
"for I am a man myself,
and I shall prove it
to you."



When they came together, it was an explosion.
Afterwards, they talked of many things, of clothes and ships
and income tax, of carriages and rings.

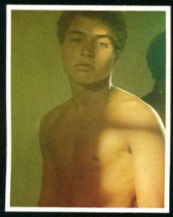


It is as
inevitable as the rising sun
that East and West should meet,"
thought Madame Nao,
watching José's ship sail.
"And perhaps as inevitable
as the setting sun that
they should part."



Later, he would be haunted by memories and possessed by dreams.

BLUEBOY CENTERFOLD SECTION



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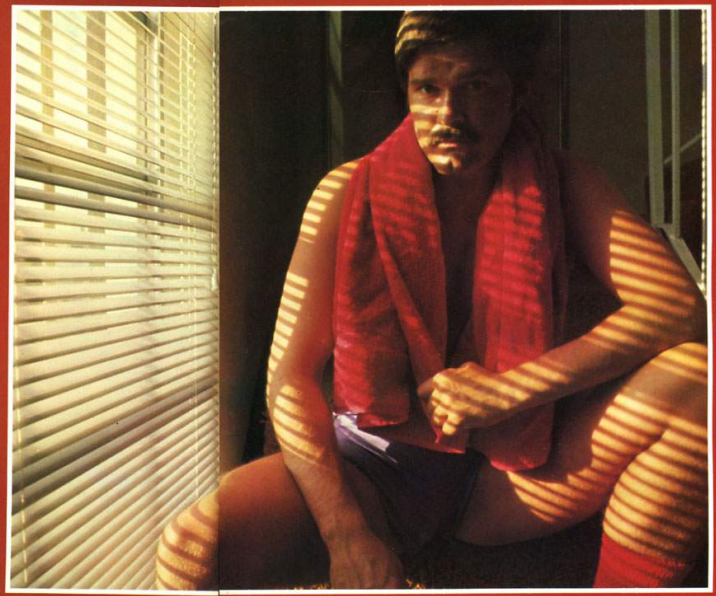

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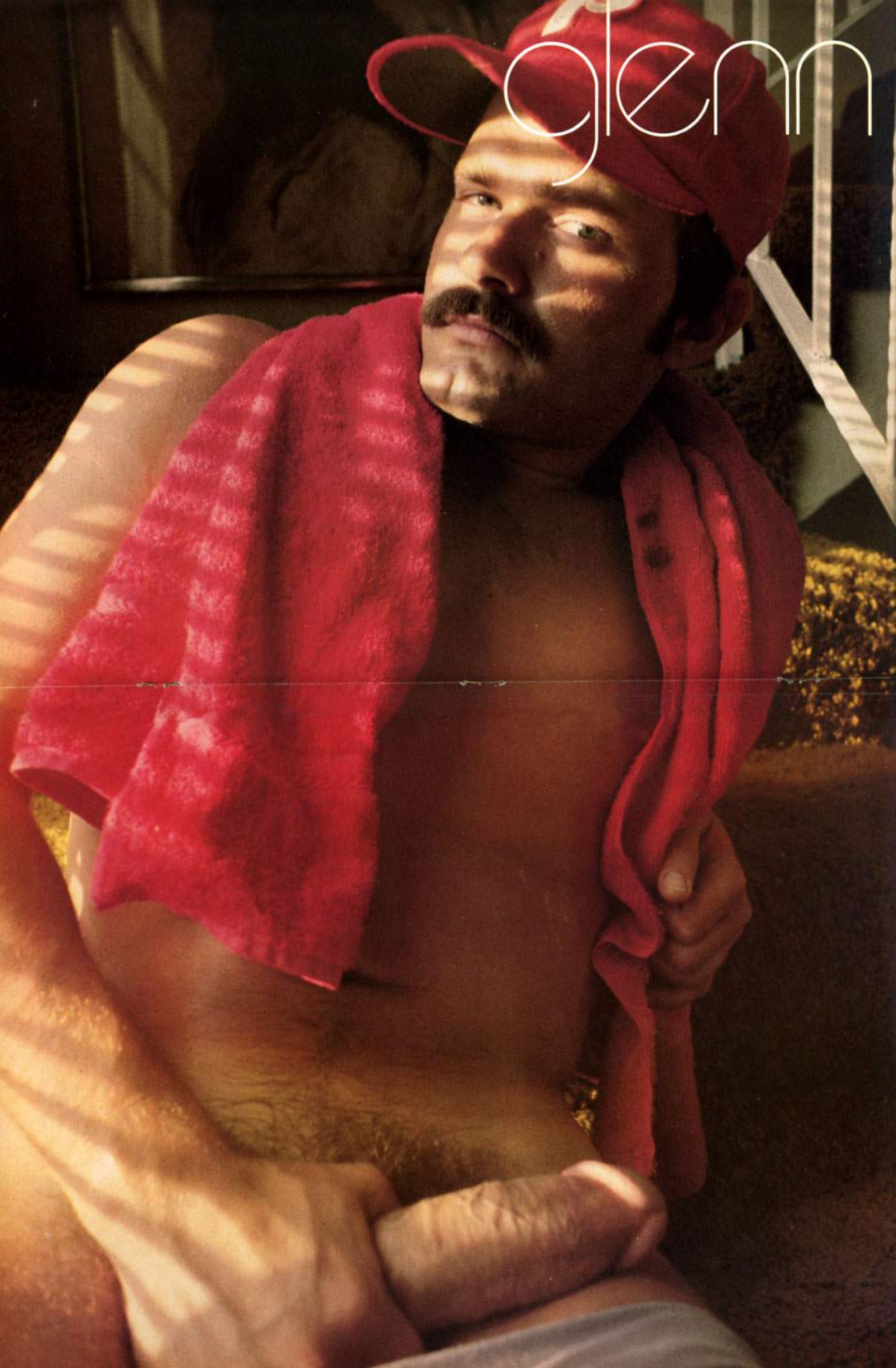
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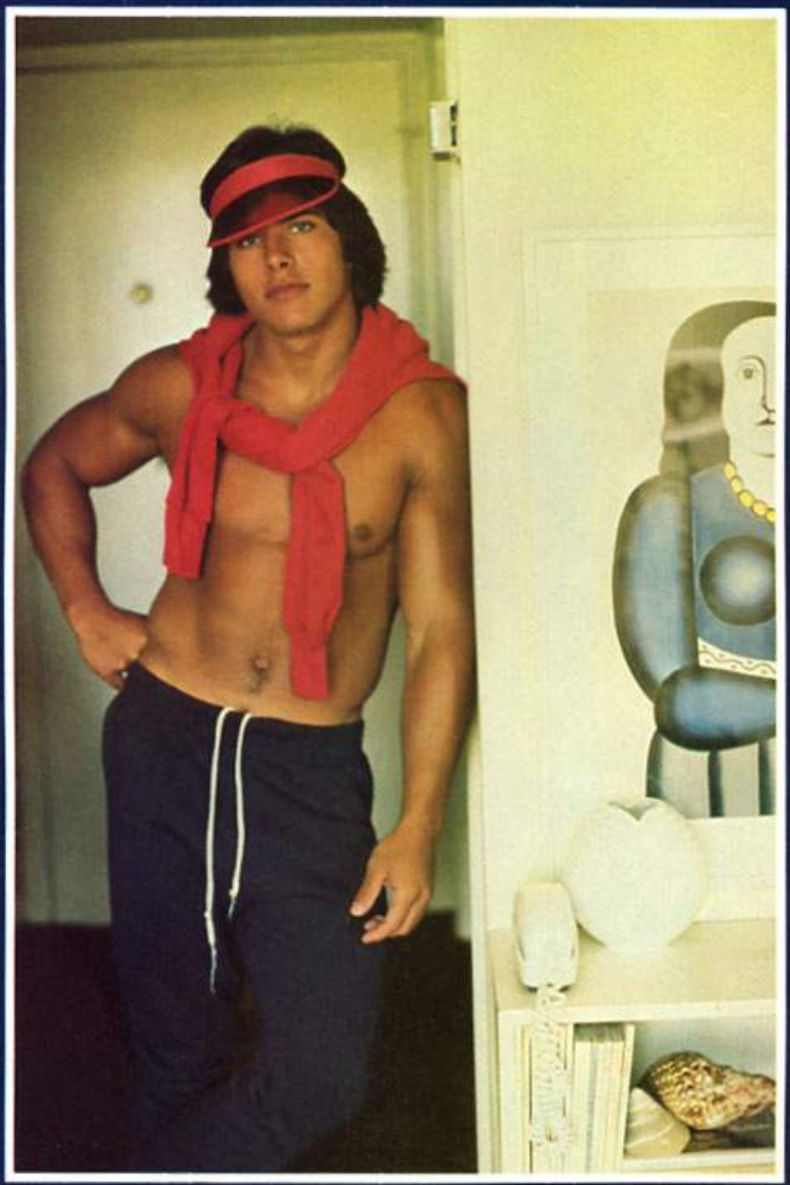

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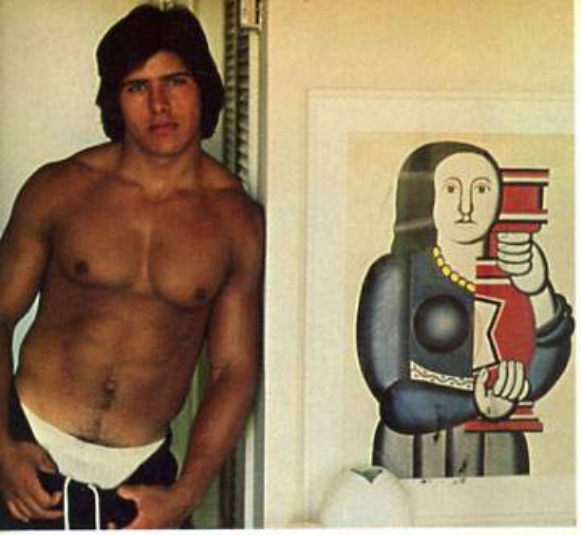
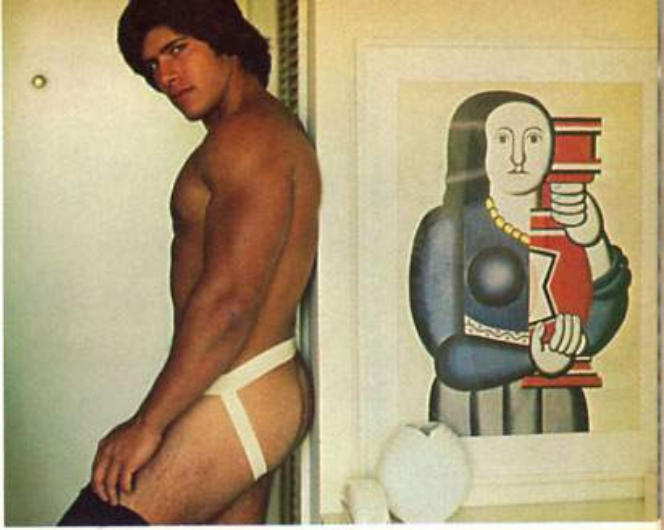

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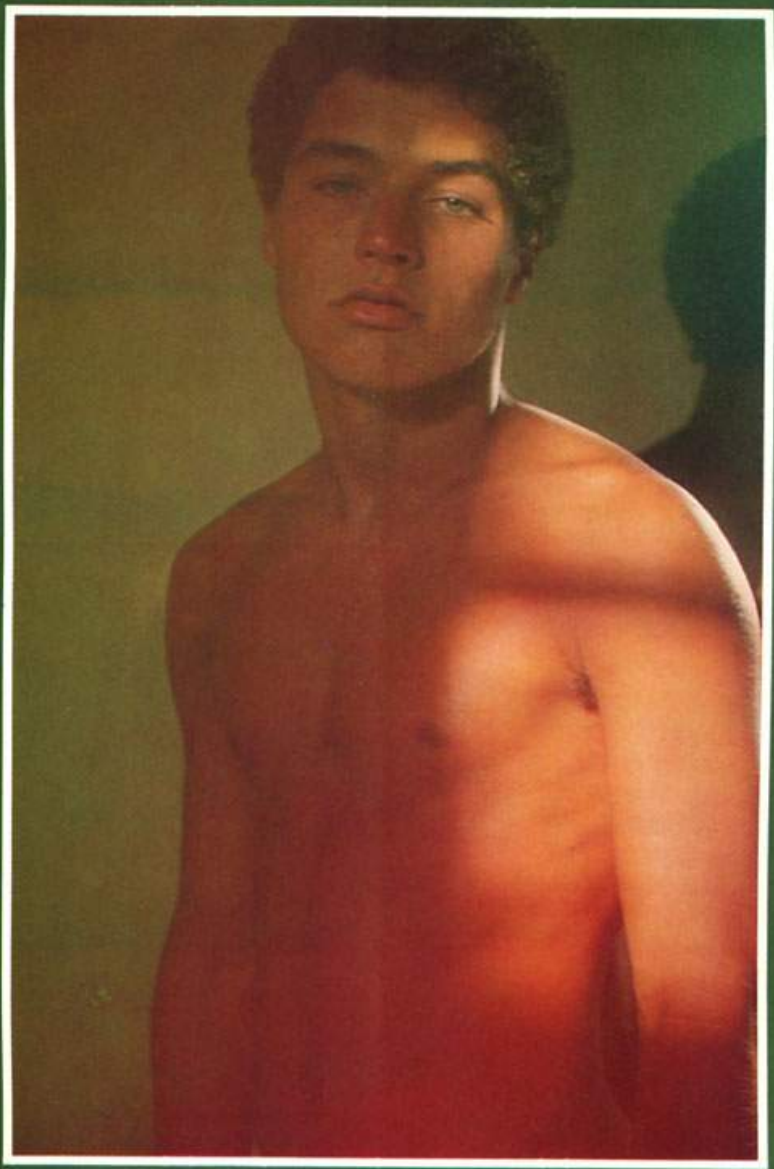

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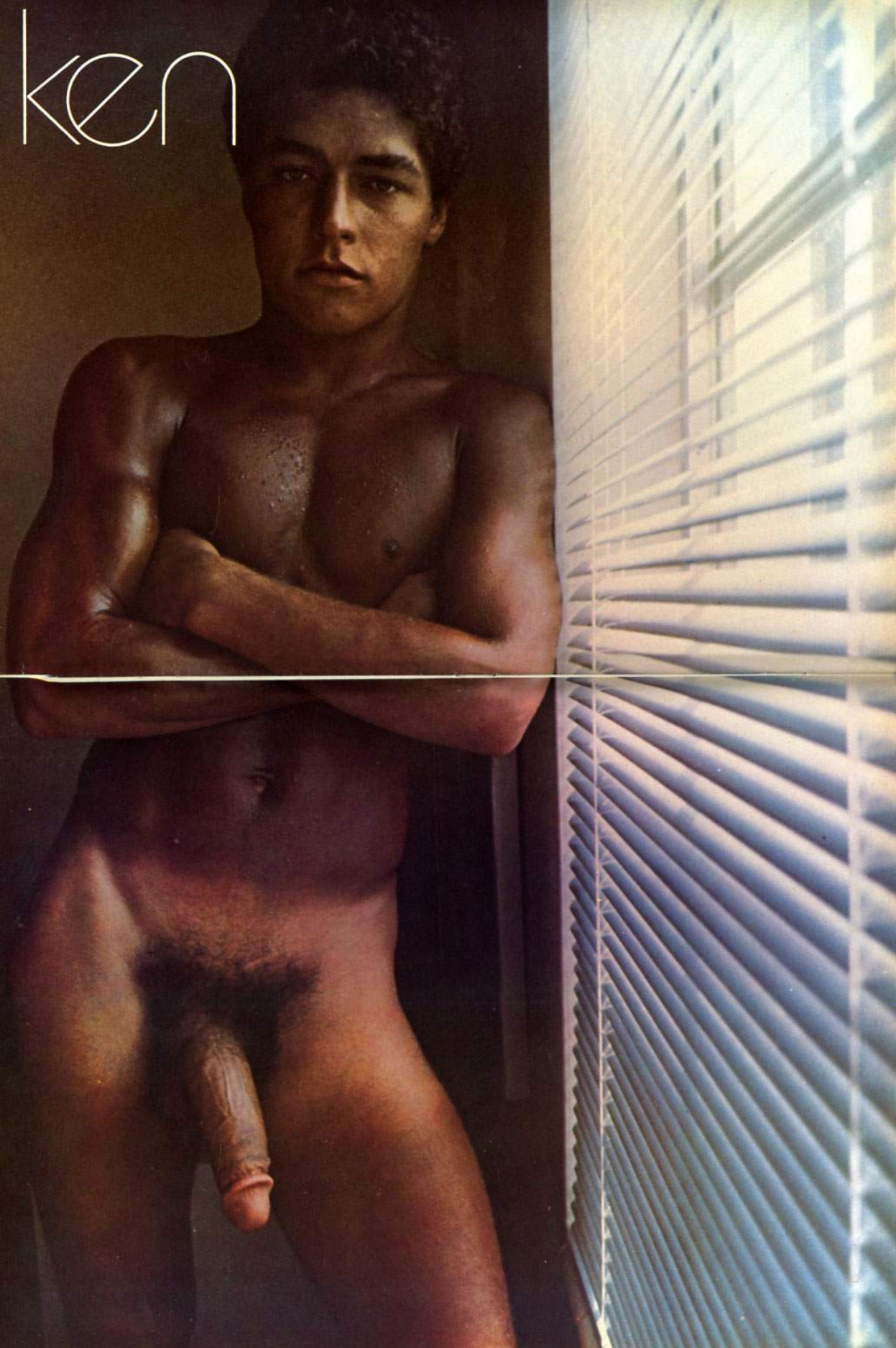
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SUPERGAYS

(Continued from page 37)

Apparently not much. The personnel recruiter says that now he gets more referrals than he can handle. The same goes for the real estate broker. They are now well established in their professions. People come to them because of their professional reputations, not because of stray meetings in gay bars or in bed. As the scope of the job increases, the "bottom line" becomes more and more important. It becomes more a matter of profits and performance than anything else. The sexual nature of one's clients is not a matter of any relevance.

Well then, what about Des Moines and Paducah? To be honest, I don't know any successful gay men in those places. Or in any other small cities for that matter. Are there any? There surely must be. But I didn't find them. If they are there, their numbers must be small. The smart gay man who looks for professional success most likely got out a long time ago and gave it a try where the greater opportunities are. It is, after all, still a matter of numbers. The bigger cities have more companies, more people, more products, more avenues of success. In the end, success probably has more to do with locale and timing than it has to do with sexual persuasion. The only real reason for choosing a large city in the hunt for success is simple: The odds are better.

In that way, geography definitely does have an effect on the success of the gay man. But then again, it has about the same effect on that of a straight man or woman.

Ultimately, this question of success for the gay man comes right back to basics. He has to have that *drive* to be a success first and foremost. It comes before everything else. It's drive that gets him out of the small town, that makes him pound the streets, knock on doors, refuse to take no for an answer. That's what gets him to the top.

All the successful gay men I talked with feel that it is their duty, their right, *as men*, to succeed. Rising to their highest potential was the ONLY thing they could do. They had always felt that way. By birth, by nature, by whatever you call it, they were destined to be the leaders, the decision-makers, the ones in charge. It was just natural. Finally, they were in charge. What else could have happened?

To be sure, it is a sexist drive. Why should a man, just because he is a man, have to succeed? Is success the only criterion by which a man can be judged as a whole being? Of course not. And I would never say it was. But, there are a large number of men out there who were raised with just that dictum. To be that "real man" we're all supposed to be, it was necessary to succeed, monetarily as well as professionally. It was instilled into those little heads from the beginning. They would be the best at whatever they choose to be. That was part of their future manhood, just like fucking and having families. Well, maybe the family part of it passed by with the realization of their own sexuality, but the rest stayed with them.

They felt it was only the *natural* thing to do. Less was not just unthinkable, it was totally outside of their consciousness.

There is, incidentally, one other drive that operates with most successful men: Greed. Greed for power, money, or status. Almost any manager I know will admit, albeit privately, that he enjoys the power he wields over his employees. It's a pleasurable experience for them to see their opinions prevail over those of others, justified or not, right or wrong, simply because they were on top of the heap. Then too, that paycheck at the end of the month is damned nice. It's more than just a way to get the Porsche, or the vacation in the Caribbean, it's a solid recognition of the success. There it is, and I'm worth it. That feels good.

When I began this project, I assumed that most of the successful gay men I was going to talk with would be able to tell me what effect being gay had on their success. As I got into it, I realized I had been dead wrong. Most of them were not only unable to come up with an assessment of what the effect had been, they hadn't actually considered it before.

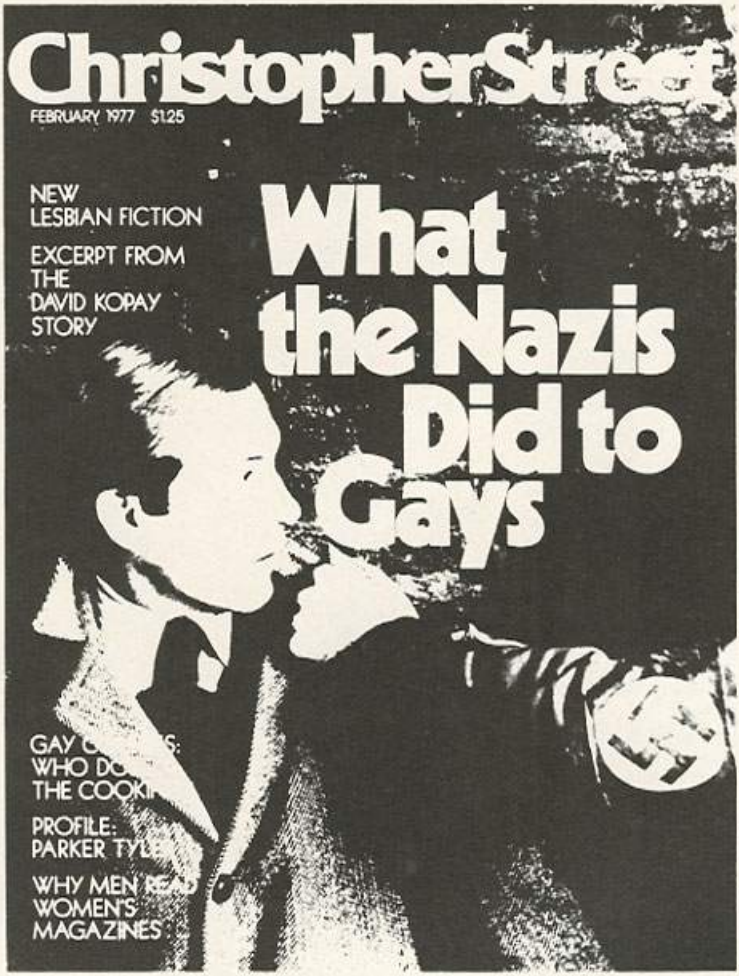
They had succeeded because they had wanted to. Success in itself was the goal. They hadn't set out with it specifically in mind. It was simply, for them, the assumption. They would succeed. They had known it so well that they hadn't even thought about it.

The men I talked with answered what I had thought would be the prime question in much the same way. The question: "What has your homosexuality had to do with your professional success?" The answers? From the real estate broker: "Little. I've not really thought about it before." From the owner of the plant shop: "Maybe a little. I've always been different, always known I was gay. Perhaps, deep inside, I also knew I was better." From the personnel recruiter: "There was never any question for me. I knew I would succeed. What does my sex life have to do with it?"

The owner of the beauty salons had the best answer. "Listen. I'm fairly sure that I'm not going to have any kids to support me in my old age, so I better be rich by the time I get there."

And me? I'm with him. ■

"Stylish..."
—NEWSWEEK



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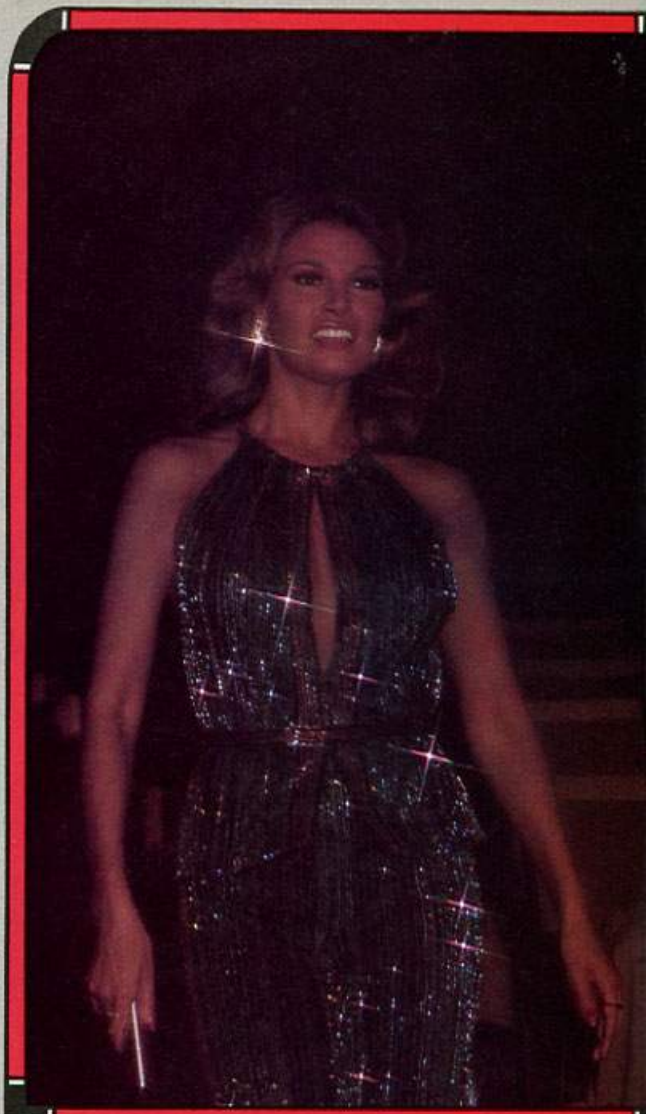
Freddie Prinze is especially funny and "looking good" during the Gala Festival of the Arts in honor of President-Elect Carter. A pack of America's biggest entertainers is also on hand, but it is Prinze's Puerto Rican astronaut routine that grabs me and brings me back to a chance meeting in 1971.

I accompany a friend, Bette Midler, to the Improvisation, a club in Hell's Kitchen where, if she is lucky, Bette will get the chance to stand up before an audience and "work out some new material": a kind way of putting it — working for free. The room is full of dyed-in-the-wool show biz types, would-be actors and writers. They know a fake when they see one. And they're the first to applaud the real thing. Freddie Prinze is up. He's got the room in his hand from the first line; something in the way he stands, the way he looks to us and at us. He keeps it going until the very end. When he finishes, the applause is thunderous. Bette doesn't do so well this night. It happens. She splits right after her set. I stay because I want to see Liz Torres, about whom I've heard a lot.

It's closing time, Freddie is hanging around the strangers at the bar who are his new friends. He's just 18, I learn from him, a young age to have a gift so finely focused. He'll go far.

In the space of three short years Freddie Prinze becomes a household name. He makes it to the top of his field, later highlighting a brilliant career by being asked to perform before the President-Elect and a television audience of 80,000,000. Freddie meets the call by giving his best. It begins to depress me. He's on the tube making everyone laugh, and I'm still

LIFE AND DEATH AND THE AMERICAN SEX SYMBOL



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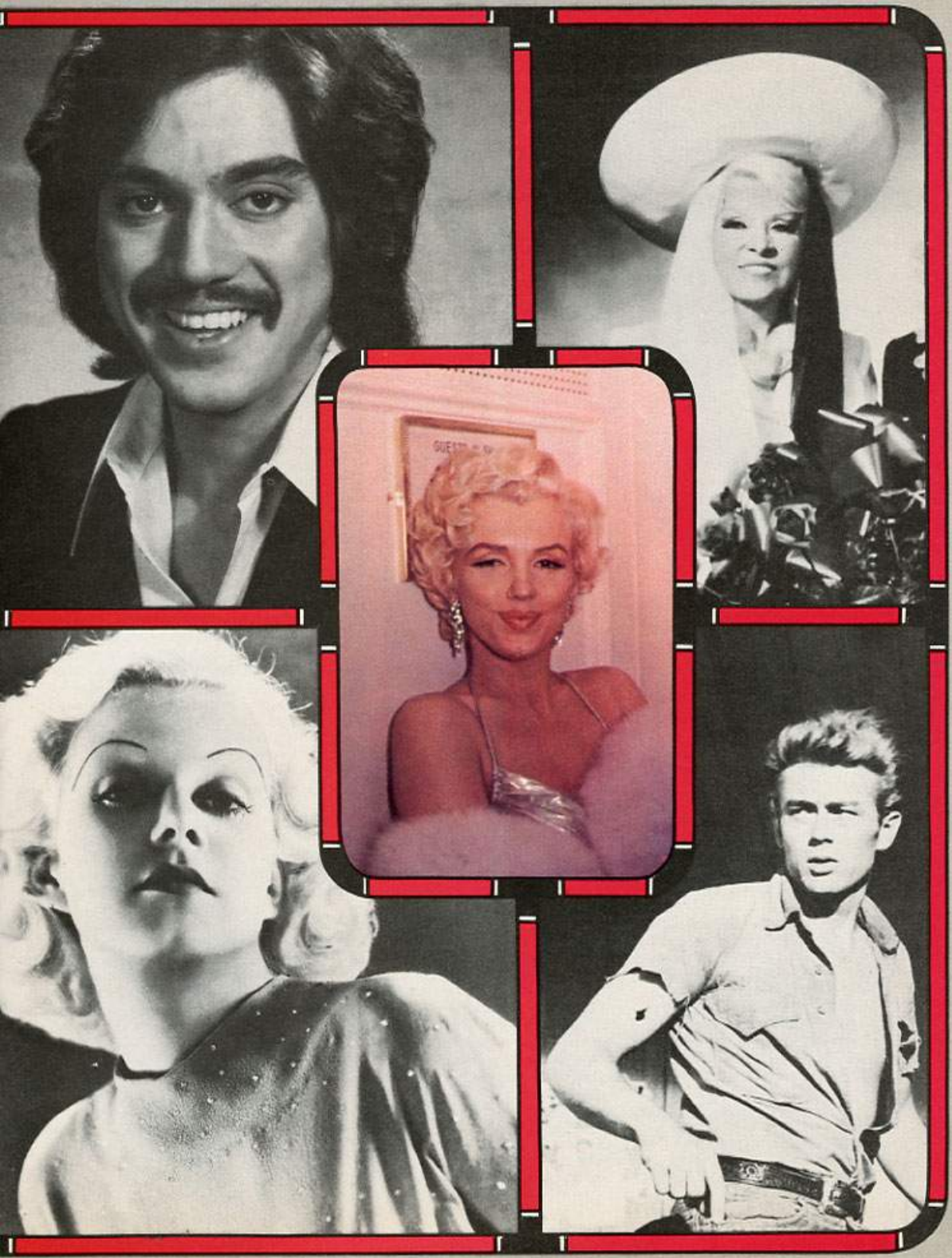

hauling it around. I envy him.

Seven days later he puts a gun to his head and blows his brains out. And America asks itself why.

I am jolted into remembering a few things I had apparently forgotten, like not judging things from *the way they seem*, like not forgetting who I am, like not wanting to be somebody else. I had always believed that as long as there was no one else I'd rather be, and no matter how bad things got, I was doing all right.

Here was a boy who realized the American Dream at an amazingly early age. He was making over $600,000 a year, he had the third highest-rated television show in the country, had hosted the Carson show, received 2,400 pieces of mail a week from people he didn't know but who, nonetheless, "loved" him. He had good looks — not everyone's idea of good looks, but his own individual style. He was not a conventional beauty but, better than that, he had become a new kind of sex symbol. Girls (and guys) got off on his ass, his lips, his eyes. And his humor. He had a unique kind of sex appeal because he was funny and sexy at the same time. Not many could do that. Harlow and Carole Lombard were funny and sexy, but not simultaneously. In repose, they were alluring, but did one want to make love to either of them *while* they were screaming and throwing things around the soundstage? They were sexy *looking* when not in the throes of their comedy.

Mae West, on the other hand, made fun of her sex appeal. All that bumping and grinding, the roll of the eyes; that was hard-on material in its day. As well as uniquely funny. Monroe, however, made you laugh at her humor while you wanted to protect her from it. She was a child at the same time she was a ripe woman. The dichotomy made her a legend. Only Freddie Prinze approached that split-level of sensuality and humor that redefined things for us, as Marilyn did before him.

Not only did he introduce Latino humor on a national scale, he projected a kind of desirability previously accepted only from women; he was voluptuous and naive. They were getting off on him in Milwaukee, he had everything most people want. Yet the man/child killed himself. The '70's Sex Symbol was his own victim.

The decade known as the "Fabulous Fifties" was a troubled decade in which America was baffled to find itself involved in an internal war after the devastation of World War II. America's regained innocence had been lost once again. James Dean personified that loss and became the envy of his generation. He expressed the frustration and disillusionment of the young in only four films, on the strength of which he achieved star status and an Academy Award nomination. He was considered by his peers and his directors

Marlene Dietrich survived the Hollywood process without circumventing it. She has been called "Hollywood's greatest product," which is a put-down really, but it's true.

to be an incredibly gifted artist, but to millions he was a Sex Symbol — restless, wild and sullen. Hollywood glamorized his emotional unrest and when, at the age of 24, he drove himself off a cliff in a silver Porsche, the rest of the country glamorized his death which, according to his friends, was not incongruous with his life. His sex appeal was actually enhanced as a result.

Harlow, too, died at an early age. If she is the definitive American female Sex Symbol, it is because even after 45 years, the image she helped to create remains a standard. The country, after all, went blonde because of her. Yet despite the idolatry from the masses, she chose suicide — although she died, technically, of uremic poisoning, a condition often caused by prolonged alcohol abuse, coupled with pneumonia. She was filming *Saratoga* wth Clark Gable at the time of the "accident." The picture was finished without her, but her legacy — like Marilyn's, Prinze's, Dean's — endures beyond the dramatic death scene.

Jim Morrison was undeniably one of rock's most beautiful exponents. The famous poster of him hung in every gay bar and straight pick-up joint this side of the Himalayas. He was arrested in Florida for exposing himself on stage before a crowd of thousands at one of his concerts. He knew he was a Sex Symbol for both the girls and the boys and he played it to the hilt. Then he did himself in with an "accidental" overdose.

Let's clarify the term suicide since many think that Dean and Harlow, Morrison, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Judy Garland, Robert Walker were not suicides — although it is accepted fact that they all died by their own hands. Suicide is not always a single or solitary act. It sometimes takes months, years to achieve. There is nothing accidental about prolonged use of alcohol or chemicals beyond the body's tolerance. There is nothing accidental about assuming the wheel when one is either intoxicated or mentally incapable of handling it. What it really amounts to is a conscious, or sub-conscious, disrespect for one's welfare. And that's suicide, instant or slow, and that's the matter at hand.

Having grown up in America, we too often believe that public adoration, good looks, big bucks and the applause of a thousand hands brings fulfillment. Mick Jagger said in an interview, "no one wants to be anonymous," a truly American statement, and we believe him because we believe in the American Dream, tarnished though its reputation may be. Some chase that dream. If they succeed in symbolizing some portion of it, they are idolized not for what they are but for what they represent. Others watch the ones who "achieve" and both the Dream and countless sexual fantasies are lived through them vicariously. That's the appeal of the star system in a nutshell.

When Monroe, the Golden Girl of Everyman's dream, ends her own life, our very value system is threatened. The girl who had everything in a country that had everything went out alone because she lacked a sense of peace, self-esteem, contentment. Fame and fortune, as exemplified by Marilyn, were status commodities that we all bought, then discovered to be defective. And let's face it; inner peace alone will not get you on the cover of *People* magazine, nor will it win the envy of your friends. The obsessive need for acceptance from others is the motivation for all sex symbols and rejection, in this surreal context, can be shattering.

Although some argue it was the breakup of Freddie's marriage that caused his death, I disagree. A bad marriage doesn't make you kill yourself *unless* you're treading thin ice to begin with, and then anything can activate it. It was more serious than that, more rooted in the original struggle in a Hell's Kitchen nightclub and the subsequent loss of self-respect. "Lose your dreams," sang

the Stones in *Ruby Tuesday*, "and you can lose your mind." Or put a gun to your head or drive off a cliff, collapse on a beach or drown yourself in drugs.

Obviously, not all sex symbols kill themselves. Many survive, if only by remaining alive. For some, "sexual" stardom is a profitable, even enjoyable, achievement. Some have the icing *and* the cake. Paul Newman and Robert Redford are prime examples. They have something we worship and some things nobody gives a damn about, like successful continuous marriages. Others, like Clark Gable, Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, or Elizabeth Taylor succeed as public sex symbols and seem to fail as private ones. Then there's Warren Beatty, who lives very much in Hollywood and who plays the game to the hilt. He's a Sex Symbol *and* a successful survivor, having produced *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Shampoo*, two of modern cinema's biggest hits. He, like Brando, is accepted as a thinking and working man and as a sexy man. Sinatra has survived decades of ups and downs, and though he was once a sex symbol, he was acclaimed first for his work which was not based on his looks.

Marlene Dietrich becomes the prime exception to the rule. She survived, miraculously, fifty years of being purely a sex symbol. She was seldom regarded as anything more, though she is certainly the classiest of the lot. She pulled it off as a physical presence, and survived the Hollywood process without circumventing it. She has been called "Hollywood's greatest product," which is a put-down really, but it's true. She is an artifact whose success resulted from her appearance, itself the collaborated work of brilliant clothing designers, lighting technicians, cameramen and directors. Take all that away, and you have nothing except will-power. She was the Cher of her day.

Raquel Welch, on the other hand, didn't even have the brilliant cameramen and directors, which I guess puts her one up on Dietrich, because she did it all by herself. She has by no means been acclaimed as anything more than a looker and, according to her, it nearly killed her.

"Survival is an act of will," she told me in an interview I had with her several months ago. "I once thought my whole life was a mistake and that it was impossible for me to be happy. And it hurt that Hollywood only saw me one way. I tried to elaborate on myself, to show there was more to me than just sex. I felt that nobody was giving me a chance. I was going through my divorce and it left me shattered" — Raquel was already on thin ice by this time — "I couldn't get out of bed. I thought I was worthless. I wanted to die. But suicide is an immoral thing when children are concerned. I think that's what saved me" — not the fan mail or the six figure salaries — "I kept thinking of the children, of what that might do to them. They made me get up and fight."

Success, I've concluded, comes when you put your head on the pillow at night and feel good. That's my definition, anyway. It takes guts to arrive at the joy in yourself. And hard work. And time.

A writer put it very nicely before I was born, and his words say it very nicely even today:

"...this is the journey that men make: to find themselves. If they fail in this, it doesn't matter much what else they find. Money, position, fame, many loves, revenge are all of little consequence, and when the tickets are collected at the end of the ride they are tossed into the bin marked FAILURE.

"But if a man happens to find himself — if he knows what he can be depended upon to do, the limits of his courage, the positions from which he will no longer retreat, the degree to which he can surrender his inner life to someone, the secret reservoirs of his determination, the extent of his dedication, the depth of his feelings for beauty, his honest and unpostured goals — then he has found a mansion which he can inhabit with dignity all the days of his life."

James Michener,
The Fires of Spring ■

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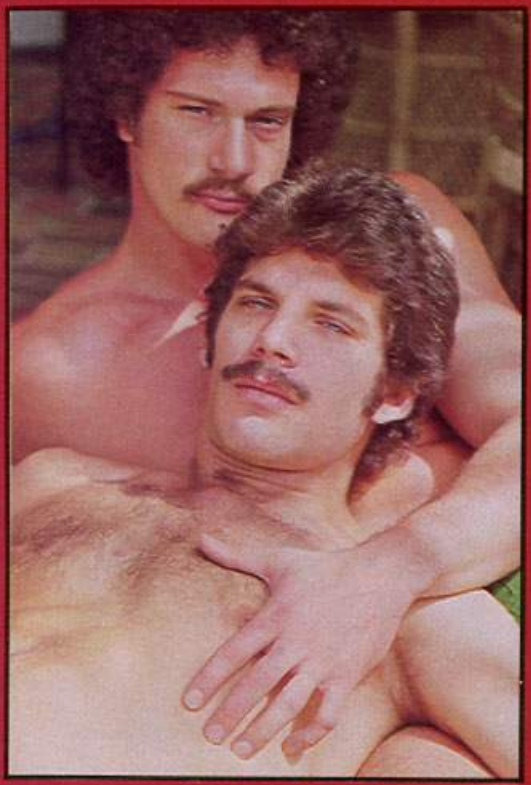

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13 A Rotten Way to Die
Meet Lew Patton, 6'3", ruggedly handsome and invulnerable to women. Special Agent for Galaxie Insurance. The prize: $285,000 in embezzled funds. The problem: The embezzler is dead. The solution: Lew Patton must find it!

14 Very Close Friends
Young, handsome, successful . . . Gary had everything going for him . . . except for one small, vague itch. He missed his school chum, Ed, and the many boyhood experiences they shared, experiences and secrets that would ruin his career if they ever came out.

15 Man's Country
A war veteran pilot, down because of his inability to find employment in the Southwest, seeks a career in copter-logging. He is all man, and he prefers men . . . but he must first overcome the intolerance and prejudice of the burly loggers who harvest the timber.

16 Pipeline
Wandering northward, Curt sought adventure and success. But what he found was rough work, rough treatment, and a deadly threat to his life.

17 Three Got Away
Bruce got his orders from **The Front Desk**, a national security agency known only to its members and enemies. He was to lure Krishna Rau from hiding, but was Bruce Doe a knight to be used . . . or a pawn to be discarded?

18 Against All Odds
Each day put Ian Murray, resident doctor, in a tighter situation. More than one of the hospital workers had the hots for him, but Hal Morris, senior internist, had it in for Ian. Doctor Morris was getting old, but no one had the courage to face the Old Man, until Ian.

19 Memoirs of a Combat Corpsman
Guy: young, trim, Navy Corpsman whose job it is to patch up casualties. Guy is Gay. David: a tower of a man, two-fisted drinker. He's straight. The catalyst: Sam. Dark Italian, hairy butch stud.

20 Two, The Hard Way
Two murders, a homosexual triangle, and over one million dollars in insurance money add up to trouble and danger for Larry Baldwin. The startling discovery that he preferred men too didn't help Larry a bit, especially since he's a detective!

21 Odyssey of a Spartan Youth
Andros, was taken from his mother's arms to be raised as a warrior of Sparta. It was so believed during that age that if warriors were lovers too among the rank, then they would fight fiercely and die bravely to defend that tender bond between them. And so it was with Andros, only his subsequent abduction and forced march as a hostage tested sorely those bonds of love — for his warrior-companions.

22 My Man David
A meeting in San Francisco brought Bob and David together. Bob was new and untried and David seemed so mature and commanding. And when he offered Bob a chance to travel with him and earn high wages at the same time, Bob jumped at the chance, for they shared more than an interest in business, and their relationship blossomed and grew.

23 The Running Man
Phil Evans is on the run! He's discovered his high paying job as a courier was carrying stolen national secrets and industrial diamonds — and now he must contact the FBI. But "Big Al" Romano, sadistic underworld mobster is on his trail, and only Ben Littlecreek, mountain guide can save him.

24 Adventures of a High School Hunk
Bucky Clark's fascination with the **Advocate** was a private one, carefully kept from all his school chums — until that fateful day when his boyhood pal and fellow athlete hit him like a ton of bricks with the news that he knew all about Bucky's preference for men.

25 Adventures of a High School Hunk II
In Adventures of a High School Hunk, Book One, Bucky was brought out and made to realize he was a slave to bizarre humiliation, and now, in Book Two, that masterful training at Tippy Schroeder's hands leads him farther down the road to a lifetime craving for sexual mastery.

26 The Trouble with Peter
Peter always had an angle, a crooked scheme. Bob need him, truly loved him, but his attempts to straighten out Peter's life only dragged him deeper and deeper into Peter's criminal world.

27 The Two Faces of Janus
Cliff and Cal, young and beautiful and as alike as two peas in a pod, physically. Yet what would make one a good, decent human and the other a criminal?

28 Top Man
The feel of hot, writhing flesh incites deeper emotions and a stronger need than mere winning in Thumper Johnson, star athlete, and women's magazine centerfold, but his preference in love partners would have shocked everyone except those lucky enough to be with him!

29 The Eyes of the Basilisk
Lured and tempted by the erotic delights of Turkey, Bruce Doe is led deep into the intrigues of his insidious opponent, Krishna Rau, would-be saboteur of the Western bloc.

30 The Caribbean Connection
Handpicked for their gay preferences, Jim Smith and Jack Moore must break the dirty-money laundry in the Bahamas, for the underworld figures they seek are also gay. Their covers are blown, and now they must escape a ruthless killer!

31 Savage Conquest
Young Luis, aristocrat and Conquistador is on the foreign shores of the New World and about to meet his match and perhaps master in the form of Amyitzitapek, King of the Mayans and portrait of savage beauty.

32 To Dare to be Different
Gary came out of the closet to help trap a homosexual murderer, but the city found it difficult to cope with this admittedly gay cop.

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THE BOYS IN

A crisply handsome guy in a clockwork-orange form-fitting uniform tailored to snuggle him like a glove. It dramatizes his body superlatively — emphasizing the erectness of his splendid head, thick neck and wide shoulders, the broad expanse of his chest, the small hard flatness of his belly, the lean hard trimness of his hips, the curvy jut of his ass, the fascinating bulge at his crotch, the muscular tapering of his legs.

It's enough to make the laziest cock start jumping for joy. The appeal is frankly sexual — *homosexual* — and always has been, to say nothing of being excitingly macho. A shapely cut uniform is unquestionably a prick teaser. It celebrates virile manhoodness.

The uniforms that are perhaps the most consistently erotic, both in terms of the uniform itself and what's in it, are worn by military cadets. Because of this, one cannot help but wonder about the homoeroticism in military academy settings, with all that male pulchritude sporting those sexy uniforms. Unfortunately, except for private academies, that's about all one can do ... wonder about it. The reason is because in the rarefied heights of the service academies (Army, Navy and Marine Corps, Air Force, and Coast Guard) homosexuality is the worst sin imaginable.

You could kill the mother of a service academy commandant — chop her into goddamn little pieces — and he wouldn't get nearly so upset as he would by the disclosure of faggotry in the ranks. Thus, at West Point, Annapolis, Colorado Springs, and New London, homosexual behavior "does not exist." Baloney. Of course it does. But an academy official and nearly every cadet himself would rather shit in his soup than talk to outsiders about it. The old cloak of secrecy has never been cloakier. The service academies are more than military colleges, they are exclusive clique clubs.

Still, in any case, homosex at the U.S. armed forces academies is rare. Why do you think the cadets are assigned three to a room? Not for threesomes — but to form a "crowd" out of what might develop into "company." When a cadet wants to get his nuts off, he either flogs his meat under the blanket at night or he makes out while on leave. A recent issue of *The Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts (Boyd's Magazine)*, published by The Manhattan Scrap Metal & Pig Iron Co., reports this true incident:

"A friend (male, of course) took a West Point cadet to a hotel room. The kid was so hot and pent up that when my friend got him naked and on the bed he shot his load *without being touched* and it damn near hit the ceiling."

You can be sure that when cocksucking time rolled around, the fellator had a mouthful. That can safely be said because no applicant to a service academy is admitted if his prick is tiny. No, that's no joke, it's true. The reasoning is that an itty-bitty ding-dong will be the focus of such brutal humor and ridicule that its possessor will be laughed into an emotional trauma.

While the academies don't want any Little John's, they also don't approve of ostentatious displays. After a cadet passes his physical inspection and is being fitted for his uniform, he is asked, "Right or left?" The reference is to whether he's hung to one side or the other. The tailor accordingly allows extra material on the side where the guy hangs so that his fulsome cock and balls won't be quite so prominently featured.

Attractive as those cadets are, there are few homosexuals and even fewer homosexual acts inside the academies. The explanation is quite simple aside from Big-Brother-Is-Watching-You reasons. To wit, the cadets generally are yo-yo's at the least of it, and swine at the worst of it. To be sure, they're pretty — but most are super-normalities in a freak world where killing men is honorable, standard entertainment fare, but *loving* men is obscene.

To put it short: Bona fide queers normally don't opt to attend a service academy. But once there, straight pressure is fierce. Even so, that itself is a turn-on for many gays in and out of the academies. One remarked, "The knowledge that a gorgeous cadet is likely to be straight only makes him all that more desirable to me."

The hysterically heterosexual ambience at the armed forces academies is almost as bad in the service branches. Every year, approximately 3,000 (mostly enlisted) men are thrown out of the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force with an undesirable discharge for homosexual practices.

For all of Uncle Sam's criminally immoral and stupid oppression of homosexuals and private homosexual behavior, gaydom does manage to rear its sheeny, pulsating head in one category of military academies — the nongovernment ones. Baby, they are something else! These joints shake, rattle, and roll.

In the private sector, the military academies include grade school, high school, and prep school levels (11 to 19-year-olds). They are typical *End As A Man* institutions, steaming with raunchy young sexuality. While cadets at the service academies generally keep a lid on sex, cadets at private military academies generally don't. Homosexual behavior is covert but nonetheless widespread. Most of these boys and young men aren't

by frank rector

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THE YEOMAN GROUP
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"homosexual." They'd get very angry if so accused. For the most part they are the type Gerry Raad wrote about in his play, *A Circle In The Water*. His was a tale of flogging, masturbation, oral and anal rape, and forced enemas — all indulged in by "straight" cadets.

One of the most typical of such places is an old, large, rich, and very respected school in the Midwest. We'll call it the Gonads Military Academy because using its real name, as well as revealing the source of this information, would get too many people into too much trouble for no good reason.

Like most such private academies, Gonads is a military and militaristic boarding school for youths, with religious auspices and designated a "military institute" by the Department of Defense. It is dedicated to developing in its charges "a clean mind in a sound body." Nearly all its graduates enter college, with some entering the U.S. service academies or going directly into the armed forces. Again like most such places, Gonads is obsessed with inculcating "the ideals of Christian manliness" (whatever that means), and makes much ado over what it refers to as "old-fashioned" virtues.

Gonads expells between five and ten boys a year for homosexual acts, which represents only the iceberg's tip of all the screwing around. All the boys know about the sex play and liaisons, and most indulge at one time or another with varying degrees of frequency. The sex activity is approximately 50 percent hand-jobs, 40 percent anal, and 10 percent oral.

Most of the oral sex is "purchased." The reason for this stems from the upper and lower divisions of academies like Gonads. Grades 5-8 comprise the lower school, and 9-12 the upper school. Lower boys are forbidden to smoke, while upper boys may if they have written permission from their parents. That old black magic of the law of supply and demand casts its spell, with upper boys buying blow jobs from the lower boys with cigarettes. The young boys gladly fellate their older schoolmates for a few cigarettes because how else is a kid able to sneak smokes? Gonads is virtually a prison, and only a small percentage of guys in the upper division are allowed to possess and use tobacco. They may and do share their cigarettes with close friends in their own peer group who've not obtained parental permission to smoke — but they are not about to give away cigarettes worth their weight in gold to some young-ass kid in the lower division.

Hence, there's an active evening latrine trade in suck sales. The average is two cigarettes in payment for a good suck. An *especially* goodlooking lower boy who is so disposed can command a price as high as five or six cigarettes for a *thoroughly* good suck job — licking and mouthing the older boy's crotch and balls as he sits on the toilet seat, going as far down as possible on his prick and twirling the tongue all around it, and eagerly swallowing and licking off every drop of cum when the older youth explodes his load.

Depending on how many cigarettes are available, a kid could get as many as ten. This would involve meeting an older boy in the woods during Saturday afternoon free-time period for a very leisurely session of pleasuring him, which includes masturbating the guy, sucking him off, and getting fucked by him. This arrangement is the most preferred by both partners because in the woods there's less anxiety about getting caught, the surroundings are most pleasant, both are completely naked; the excitement is tripled because it's done out in the open on the grass.

Moreover, the lower boy not only gets more cigarettes but — best of all for him — the older youth usually returns the sexual favors. An upper boy nearly always gets so hot in these encounters that he discovers it's more delightful to share sex and not just take it. He winds up doing as much caressing, hand-jobbing, sucking, and so on as the younger boy does — for several orgasmic sessions each — until both youths are covered with as much slicky sticky cum as was shot up their asses or down their throats.

The prostitution system in private military cadet schools is certainly nothing new. For example, Lincoln Steffens relates in his now-classic autobiography an experience that occurred nearly a hundred years ago when he was in a semi-military academy:

"The officer of the day was responsible for the enforcement of the law for his twenty-four hours. One night when I was on duty I heard a soft disturbance in one of the dormitories, and slipping in there, I caught several boys out of their beds. They were with other boys. By threatening punishment, I drew from the smaller boys confessions which revealed an ancient, highly organized system of prostitution. One boy, the son of a general, was the head of it. He had as his white slaves a large number of the little boys, whom he paid with cakes, candies, etc. He let them out to other older boys at so much money, candy, or credit per night."

The one and *only* penalty for homosexual behavior at Gonads and most other such academies is immediate dismissal from the school (for most other offenses an ass-paddling is administered with a wood paddle). Parents are telephoned and instructed to fetch their offending offspring *immediately*. Until the kid is picked up by his parents, he is secretively closeted away out of contact with the other cadets. The moment he's caught he just simply disappears and becomes an unperson. It's nasty and it's tough on everyone concerned — the kid, his school friends, and his parents (But at least it's

better than what the Nazis used to do with their homosexually miscreant cadets. They were shot, or otherwise eliminated in concentration camps.)

One might say that at least it's to Gonad's credit that it doesn't *deliberately* go homosexual headhunting. The practicality of the matter is that it levies $7,000 per head per school year. *When the academy gives the boot in the ass to one of its wards, not one red cent is refunded to his parents.* A parent or guardian must certify upon entrance application that a boy is of "good moral character, is amenable to discipline, and is free from any vicious or immoral habits." And, goodness gracious, you know what *that* means. To make it ironclad, parents must sign a form agreeing to *no* refunds if Jerome is summarily dismissed.

If he is dismissed, the parents scream like crazy ... over the lost money. They usually don't give a shit about the kid (the reason they sent him to a military academy was to get rid of him). The school is loathe to get into inescapably acid and noisy confrontations with parents over (1) money and (2) "What the hell is going on here? ... My kid is no goddamn fruity cocksucking fairy! ..." And so forth and so on.

Therefore, the academy discreetly does *not* look too closely at what's going on when boys seem to take forever in the latrine, or when bushes in the woods wiggle a lot. A kid has to be stupidly flagrant to get caught. Indeed, a school officer or staffer has to practically skid onto his ass in young male cum before he "sees" a sexual "indecency" in progress. Moreover, one also wonders about some of the academy's staff. The male nurse at Gonads has a standard examination he gives to cadets admitted to the infirmary. First, he administers an enema to every youth not seriously ill and who would not be adversely affected by it. He does this in full view of all the other cadets in the ward. Then later there's a private examination in which he inserts a lubricated finger up an older cadet's anus and massages his prostate until the cadet gets a roaring hardon and shoots his load. Maybe it's necessary — or maybe it's just fun and games. Who's to know, and who's to tell?

Homosexual "scandals" in service and other military academies in this country are largely unheard of. They exist ... they're just not often heard of. One must go far afield and backward in time to turn up the juiciest of scandals — the Redl case. And even this case would never have come to public light had it not compromised the military position of a nation.

Colonel Alfred Victor Redl was probably the most famous gay military cadet of all time. Redl, Austro-Hungarian General Staff Chief, was a suave, handsome blond; (5'-3") but perfectly proportioned, with broad strong shoulders and neat trim hips. His tight-fitting red, black, and gold uniform gloved a muscular body, the most striking feature of which was his face: tanned and square-jawed, short-clipped blond hair, small blond mustache, crystal-blue eyes. A very commanding presence, a brilliant counterintelligence officer — and, as they say, as queer as a $3 bill.

His gaydom and enormously expensive high-flying lifestyle drove him into a corner, where he was trapped by Russian, Italian, and French agents into selling Austro-Hungarian military secrets. It was difficult enough being gay in Austria-Hungary where, as too usual, sex was sin, but being gay in the military was even worse. Just like today, most vermin in the military shrilly defend their macho image in the face of what they think is a great gay horde bent on infiltrating the ranks of the sexually righteous. They root out homosexuals with a vengeance born of fear and a disgusting, childish attitude toward sex.

Nevertheless, Redl got his rocks off starting at an early age, at the Karthaus Cadet School. He and a guy called Hans and a dozen other pair-ups used to crowd into the military academy's storeroom for a tangled tango of fucking and sucking on mattresses spread about the floor.

For the most part, it was a good life,

(Continued on page 76)

PLASTIC BOBBY

by george hatch

The abrupt termination of my second relationship in less than a year sent me to a social worker who, after five months, informed me I was the sorriest case he'd ever encountered. He apologized profusely, but not enough to conceal the fact that he was relieving himself of me by sending me to a professional therapist. Our rapport had been far from satisfactory, but I was inexplicably moved by the man's candor, by the genuine pity in his voice as he counted out all the money he felt obligated to return. The first real intimacy on the last day of our relationship was his: He confessed his intention of submitting to an intense self-reassessment in an effort to salvage his shattered ego. I wept for the man. Briefly.

The analyst I had been referred to was Freudian and hostile and frequently tried to provoke me to tantrums he hoped to experience vicariously. I finally left him, slack-jawed and staring at the door I had

Photographed by Sodoma

unhinged when I slammed it behind me, shutting out two months of his babbling inanities.

My savings nearly drained, I could not afford the talents of a psychiatrist who might chemically alter my personality *and* listen to me. Basically, that's all I was looking for; someone who would pay attention. I thought the staff of the local mental institution would be sympathetic once I agreed to spend some time in their community room; but I was told that seeking commitment indicated I was not in *desperate* need of it. Besides, they were already overcrowded, so they prescribed ninety tranquilizers and told me to take three a day and come back in thirty days.

I stashed the pills in my medicine cabinet. I needed people, not pills. People. A person. I scrutinized the classified sections of every newspaper and magazine I could find but, despite the quantity, good prospects were scarce. The few contacts I did make offered only limited understanding or, as was most often the case, indignant refusals to comply with my needs. In desperation, I resorted to the obscure underground publication through which I had located two previous colleagues. They were still available but a new model had been introduced and he promised to be exactly the type of companion I had been searching for.

I ripped out the ad and sent for Plastic Bobby.

He arrived promptly, three weeks later, firstclass, folded comfortably between two sheets of soft white tissue paper in a package no larger than a shoebox. When I inflated him (through a cleverly concealed, provocatively located mouthpiece), he expanded to six feet, his chest and waist measuring forty-eight and thirty-two inches respectively. The accompanying brochure suggested that for variety I could "slim him down" (but the skin wrinkles and sags); or I could give him a "chunkier, muscular look" by pumping in a few extra pounds of air. But the phamphlet advised against being too acquisitive: *"Plastic Bobby will explode should the attempt to enlarge him exceed his specified capacity."*

Plastic Bobby is meant to be the boy-next-door; he's clean-cut, handsome and shy. He has, however, one bad habit, though I hesitate to call it a fault. He stares. His eyes simply will not close; they aren't equipped. I also noticed the beautiful blue iris of his right eye is beginning to peel. But that can be fixed.

His only major defect was a lack of hair through which I might run my fingers. They merely painted the top of this head a different color. I changed it at once: a tasteful but reasonably inexpensive wig did the trick. This simple alteration turned him into a surfer and I eagerly awaited the results of further customization.

His pubic hair, consisting of a few strands of thick dark wool, was also a disappointment. Some tiny black threads climbed his abdomen, but their lack of symmetry and haphazard adherence was appalling; a clever but poorly-executed embellishment and hardly worth saving. I ripped them out at once.

Ouch!

"Sorry, Plastic Bobby, I'm only trying to help."

I gutted an old upholstered chair and fashioned a synthetic hairpiece to take their place. I added some under the arms (whether a grave oversight or due to poor craftsmanship, they'd neglected to even darken the area), on his chest and along his forearms also.

Decidedly more handsome! Rugged! Perhaps a tattoo! I applied my multicolored ballpoint to his right bicep, ensconcing my name in a curling red ribbon. His transformation into a sailor was truly astonishing. Suddenly he became so desirable. Irresistable! And my craving for him irrepressible. We tumbled to the floor. I stretched his arms across my back and, by squeezing the air into his forearms, I was able to knot his hands behind me. We made love as he held me in a passionate embrace.

Afterwards, it occurred to me that Plastic Bobby's performance had been rather stiff, unresponsive. He seemed tense, ill-at-ease; and when I hugged him, his skin squeaked. Having pondered the alternatives, I turned him over and made the necessary preparations for radical surgery. Granted, Plastic Bobby's insides are not all that complicated, but an indelicate incision might cause his specified capacity to diminish. I climaxed my manipulations with a deft slit at the crook of his back.

That hurts!

"It's for your own good, Plastic Bobby!"

I constructed a sturdier interior with feathers, loose pieces of foam rubber and the remains of the gutted chair. He became more flexible, huggable. Before stitching the incision, I installed a small portable tape recorder with a prerecorded cassette, enabling Plastic Bobby to sing to me. (He sounds just like Paul McCartney.) I talced his skin and applied a spicy musk cologne which enhanced his natural latex aroma.

Eventually, I was compelled to change his privates when I discovered they were the source of the tiny lascerations on my hands and lips. They were replaced with a rather costly (but seamless) substitute I'd purchased in a specialty store.

There was no doubt in my mind: I was turning Plastic Bobby into an Adonis. At the same time, though, I sensed his withdrawing. With each improvement, I could feel his detachment growing. The more I did for him, the more, it seemed, he resented me. I assumed he was simply dissatisfied with the extent of my improvements and that, in time, he would adjust. It wasn't until he began rejecting the transplants altogether, becoming openly uncooperative and belligerent, that I realized the modifications were not only unappreciated but thoroughly detested.

Leave me alone!

"Don't you want to be a god, Plastic Bobby?"

I decided to dye his chest hair blond; he refused and was physically difficult to work with. When I attempted to give him a Mediterranean complexion by administering an olive tincture to his skin, a quarrel ensued with an attendant struggle.

No more changes!

"You're mine to do with as I please, Plastic Bobby. No more of this—!"

He swung at me! I was outraged! I obviously didn't know my own strength for I hurled Plastic Bobby across the room. I felt myself recoil, instantly regretting my actions, cringing as I heard him hit the wall. He collapsed, sprawled in the corner, the tape full of feathers, choking on his words; lying on his side, rocking, a broken tape spinning away inside, his body jerking spastically in a grotesque choreograph with the electronic death rattle clicking away inside. (And through it all, he maintained an obscene, almost masochistic erection.)

"I'm sorry, Plastic Bobby. I should have left you as you were. No Pygmalion this! You were meant to be my life's companion; but I've ruined you and exceeded your specified capacity." Griefstricken and racked with guilt, I found it impossible to even *consider* going on without him.

Two days later, having reconciled myself to the loss, I had recovered sufficiently and began coordinating the details of Plastic Bobby's disposal. I plucked his insides and swept the feathers and foam rubber into a pile. I bent his knees under his back and tucked his elbows behind him, folding his withered hands over this chest. I pressed the back of his head against the inside of his face to make his features more prominent. Then I taped two large buttons over his peeling pale blue eyes which I had neglected to repair. I placed him gently inside the box he came in, carefully folding him between the soft white sheets of tissue paper.

Without shedding a tear, I said goodbye and solemnly slipped the cover on the box and fastened it with tape. I carried the cardboard box into the back yard, fetched my shovel and buried Plastic Bobby between Plastic Andy and Plastic Chuck. ■

FROM DUST TO DAWN

(Continued from page 26)

— sedatives, valium, heroin, alcohol. They won't take ups, not even grass, because it's too disorienting and it weakens supports. Who needs it?"

Besides the dosage factor — in terms of quantity — one's state of mind, apparently, really governs how they'll react to Angel Dust. Dr. Millman went on to say: "That's a very good point, one many 'drug abuse' experts don't like to talk about. They always seem to make the drug work by itself. It seems clear that unless you take an overdose, who and what you are is crucial to your reaction. It's called *set and setting*. If you're in very good control of yourself and aren't too anxious and are in a safe place, the incidence of a bad reaction is much less."

I asked if THC was a pseudonym for Angel Dust. It is, but Angel Dust also goes under several other street names — Hog, Peace Pill, Fairy Dust, Crystal. THC stands for tetrahydrocannabinol which is the active ingredient in marijuana. "So everyone thinks THC is real distilled grass," the doctor elaborated. "Some of the psychoactive ingredients are similar. You get stoned, weird, different. But the paradox is that there isn't any real THC available on the streets — maybe in some fancy research laboratory. Anytime anyone thinks they're using THC, there's a reasonable chance it's actually Angel Dust or a tiny dose of acid or some other drug. But it's not THC, that's certain."

I speculated if all the people who use THC so much and love it ("keep on dancing ...") knew what it really is — or isn't! — they'd probably be flipping out more. "That's the interesting thing," said Millman. "Probably if more people knew what it was and how dangerous it can be, many more would freak out more often. I couldn't agree more."

There wasn't any question in my mind about how very dangerous phencyclidine, Angel Dust, is, but I asked Dr. Millman for more information on that point. "Absolutely. Sure, any drug you can take at low dosages and can freak you out is dangerous. If you have a borderline psychological adjustment, if you have a tendency to have panic reactions or acute anxiety attacts, this drug can precipitate a terrible panic reaction or anxiety attack. At high doses, it leads to coma, hypertensive crisis, brain hemorrhage, stopping breathing. That makes it a serious drug. Statistically, the most frequent thing that happens to people is panic reactions, freak outs, the same things that happen most often with LSD. They're generally self-treated and go away eventually with support, reassurance, like that. That's what mostly happens. The time people should be brought to the hospital is when their breathing gets funny, or they get comatose (prolonged unconsciousness), or their state of consciousness gets very depressed or they have seizures. But if they are just acutely anxious or paranoid, it's just like a bad trip on acid or marijuana and can be treated with reassurance. You put them in a safe place — away from noxious stimuli, wind, sun, noise, strangers, etc. — and kind of slowly talk them down and try to relieve some of their anxiety. That's pretty much it at that stage.

"The danger with drugs in general is that most people can handle most drugs without too much difficulty, but some people cannot under some circumstances, so they are the ones to be careful about, the ones to watch out for. It probably relates to the fact that they have borderline psychological adjustments to begin with, and the other thing is that even a stable person, a person with what we call strong ego functions, if they are put into an extremely tenuous situation, one that is scary, or you add an enormous amount of the drug, probably everyone has their blowing point.

It seems clear that unless you take an overdose, who and what you are is crucial to your reaction. If you're in good control of yourself, the incidence of a bad reaction is much less.

"That's the hypothesis I go on. I think that having a bad drug reaction comes from three things: the drug, its dosage and what it does; your personality, which goes back many, many years; and the setting in which the particular drug is taken. And I think with phencyclidine that's perfectly clear."

I was curious about the possibility of people feeling *nothing*, having no reaction at all to using Angel Dust. "Humans are fabulous," the answer started. "They can deny the most unbelievable elements despite the evidence of their senses, and they can believe things to be true that are not true despite the evidence of their senses. So the answer is that one can take an incredible dose of almost anything and not feel it. But it's highly unlikely that if you take a strong drug you won't feel something."

We talked about the market for Angel Dust, who uses it. Dr. Millman offered: "All drugs, in this context, are street drugs, but Angel Dust has gained hold among affluent types as opposed to inner-city ghetto people. You could conjecture that in ghetto areas life is not so beautiful, so hallucinogens in general haven't ever gotten very popular because they increase one's perception of the world, and who wants to experience poverty more intensely? Also conjecturing, the more affluent people may be taking the drug to expand their consciousness, to see more, to get out of themselves. They're seekers, in a way, much more than ghetto people."

Angel Dust does change one's sexual orientation, according to Dr. Millman. He says that psychedelic drugs in general change sexual response, that some people become distant, others very sexual. Some people change and become homosexual where they weren't before. "Or heterosexual?" I inquired. "I haven't heard that," he replied. "But that's what psychedelics do. They get you out of your ordinary boundaries, which can be good, but also very scary."

Phencyclidine is not an addictive drug. By way of comparison, heroin will produce a physical addiction, people kill themselves to get it; speed brings on a psychological addiction. But Angel Dust is like neither of these in that regard.

To summarize, I asked Dr. Millman to paraphrase a case history. It went like this:

"A young man has had some episodes of severe depression in the past and often some periods of depersonalization — and by that I mean he really doesn't know who he is. He loses control of himself and feels intensely anxious at various times in his life because of failing a test or having an accident, or maybe just because something bad happened to him. He is functioning okay, and may be quite profficient at, say, art. Maybe he's a painter. His drug use is generally limited to marijuana from which he has had a couple of anxiety attacks and a couple of panic reactions. He has taken valium in his life and he likes valium a lot. He likes the security and the down feeling of valium to control his anxiety. Then someone gives him this THC and says it's just like grass only better. He takes it and he feels like he may be losing control, and it scares the life out of him and he feels like he cannot breathe and he feels rigid and strange, and then he might have an acute panic reaction. If that persists it could go into an acute psychotic reaction, which, if treated immediately with reassurance and possibly some valium and support, tender loving care, he'll recover from fine, soon. But, if he's in a situation where it's really scary, like a strange place with strange people, maybe out alone on the street and hurt by some people, like in a peculiar gay situation where he's roughed up sexually, he could experience a prolonged psychotic reaction necessitating hospitalization."

Experts agree that some drug use is reasonable and people should be happy doing it. But keep in mind that doing Dust has inherent dangers — physical, social, psychological and legal — and can therefore be regarded as drug abuse. ■

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THE BOYS IN THE BARRACKS

(Continued from page 71)

during and after cadet school. Redl reveled in it. He once wrote: "I had lived continuously in a masculine, a male environment. From morning till night, from night till morning, in the dormitory ... in camp, in barracks, in the mess and on the march, in the riding-school and in the classroom, always and always I had breathed an air that reeked of the male, first of boys, then of grown lads, but always of men, men; I had grown used to their virile gestures, their firm, noisy tread, their guttural voices, their tobaccoy smell, their free and easy ways and sometimes coarseness."

When Redl was well on his way to the top, his nemesis appeared one afternoon in the shape of, as he said, "The most beautiful boy I had ever seen." Redl had doggedly climbed from nonentity as the son of a railroad clerk to — at the time he met the boy — the rank of captain in the Austrian intelligence bureau. This was an extremely lofty achievement from so humble beginnings.

The boy was 14-year-old Stephan Hromodka, whose father had asked Redl to endorse the boy so that he could enter Cadet School in Vienna. Naturally, Stephan's father knew nothing about Redl's "love that dared not speak its name," as they used to say.

Would Redl please endorse the boy? You bet your swinging balls he would. And that was poor Alfred's mistake. A fatal one.

Stephan became Redl's "nephew. And he really *was* as beautiful as Redl beheld him to be: A big brown furry stud, with silky chestnut hair and huge black-brown eyes, the kind with clear purplish whites, a dazzling dimpled smile, and a body that just wouldn't quit — made even more breath-catchingly beautiful by his poured-in-look Austrian uniforms; first the Vienna Cadet School skin-tight uniform and later the skin-tight uniform of an officer in the 7th Ulan Regiment.

Everyone noticed him. They couldn't help it. Stephan was one spectacularly handsome animal. He was popularly referred to as "that dashing cavalry lieutenant." He was also a whore, Redl's own — a very selfish, very expensive whore, who never returned to Redl the Puccini-like love his heart was filled with.

At the height of Stephan's glory, Redl willingly but ruinously provided Stephan with an allowance greater than the salary of a lieutenant colonel, a luxurious Austro-Daimler sports car, a small but chichi apartment, costly clothes and specially tailored uniforms, diamond rings, horses, etc., etc., etc.

On top of that, Redl's own modus vivendi was anything but spartan. His two

apartments were opulent, although decorated in a somewhat heavy-handed femme du monde period way: overstuffed, overdone, and overly dainty. All this was accentuated by an oppressive odor of dank perfume and Oriental incense that hung like an ever-present invisible fog over everything.

Redl threw lavish parties; some of these were of the kind where a camera and light are brought out and set up to photograph cadets, officers, and others enjoying the pleasures of the flesh. The least of Redl's expenses was probably his wardrobe, which included 195 dress shirts, 10 fur coats, 400 pairs of gloves, a raft of jewel-quality sabers, and drawersful of costly women's clothing, such as silk stockings, robes, etc. His most expensive items were automobiles and horses, and, of course, Stephan.

When Redl was finally cornered by agents from his own intelligence bureau, he was given a choice — in the form of a shiny oiled black Browning 6.35 mm. automatic. He politely voiced his appreciation for having been given this "choice," and, softly and courteously, requested a few moments' solitude. The intelligence agents who confronted him quietly filed out the wide door of his suite at the Hotel Klomser in Vienna. The date was May 25, 1913; Redl was 49.

He wrote a note in which he stated, "Passion and levity have destroyed me.' Than, at 1:45 a.m., he pressed the muzzle of the pistol tightly against the roof of his mouth and pulled the trigger.

Stephan was given a military trial. He had no part in Redl's espionage activity, but he was convicted of "unnatural prostitution," served three months at hard labor, and dismissed from the army. He wound up a broken, poor, and lost man.

If the world were a bit more sane, Redl might not have come to such a tragic end. And Stephan could have gone on blithely breaking hearts and whoring through life; his type has no lasting, deadly sting ... broken hearts mend with time. But the world is not sane, only spottily so.

Military cadets and even common soldiers run a terrible risk to their present and future lives when they court the simple, innocent delights of homosexual expression. Yet, they do it. They do it for the most part, not just because they *must* (if they have the courage of their selfhood), but because it is *right* and it is *good*.

Someday, perhaps, the world will recognize that truth. But, then, if that ever happens, there would probably be no further need for military cadets and military machines. ■

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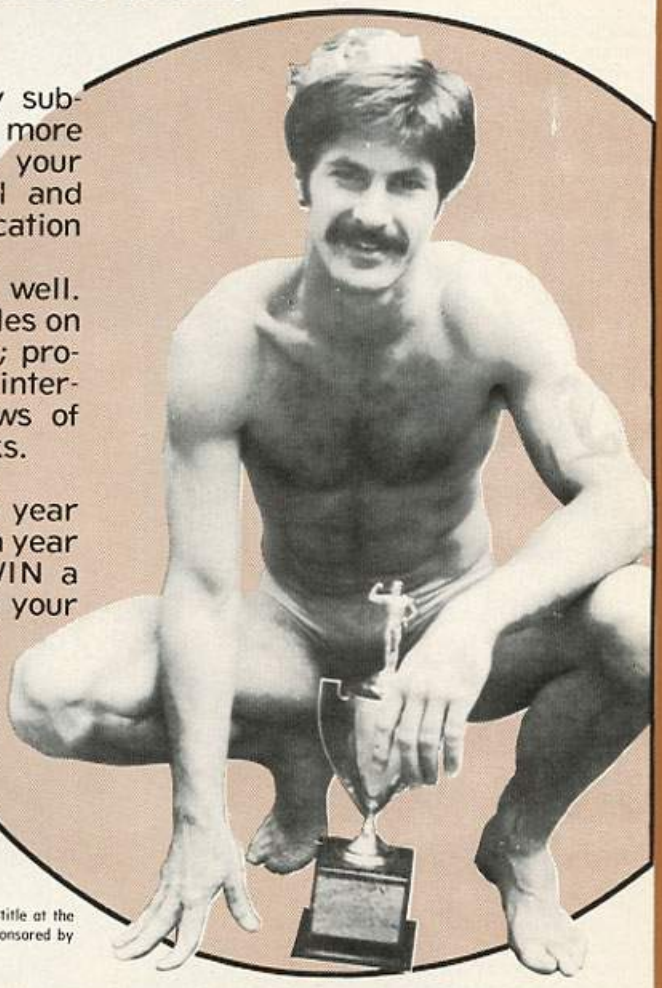

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A Boy of Marrakesh

(Continued from page 12)

benches with all kinds of tribesmen eating, quietly, watching you. The air is reverberating with music and street sounds, yet always around you there is a sphere of peaceful silence. The long table is decorated with cans of fragrant sweetpeas and gigantic dahlias.

Mustafa orders for you. The cook-waiter broils a few spicy pieces of lamb on skewers over charcoal. You eat a piquant salad of cold al dente carrots, another of minced tomatoes and onions. You share a round loaf of bread. You drink a large cool Mission Orange. Then another glass of mint tea.

Mustafa is silent, now. The red is aching in your eyes. Your eyes are dry and brittle, burnt. You shut them to rest but still you see red.

Suddenly you feel weird. It is so hot, so strange, that you don't know where you are, you feel you might disappear. You experience an awesome fear.

Mustafa takes you over. He finds a horsecab and goes with you back to your hotel. At the door he looks at you and says, "O.K., *Sahabi?*"

"O.K."

"I cannot go into the hotel with you, Sahabi. No. It is against the law." He looks away a moment, then back at you. "Tonight? At the Brasserie du Glacier, on the Djemmaa El Fna?"

"Yes. What time?"

"Six. Comme ca."

"D'accord."

You stagger up to your room, fall into your bed, shut your eyes, the red city bangs in your head. You try to sleep but you can't. You are wide awake, confused, annoyed. It is so hot you can't breathe, and why did you come back to the hotel room? Why didn't you stay with Mustafa? He might not meet you tonight. You walk around the room. You take off your clothes. You take a shower. You linger in the shower, fighting the impulse to give pleasure to your body. You surrender. You feel better. You lie on the bed wet and naked. You dry quickly and watch as desire takes you again.

You struggle with something within yourself, then suddenly rise and dress and go out. It is just after two, the height of siesta, hotter than it was at noon. Every man has crept into a shadow, every scorpion under a rock.

You are not sure which way the Djemmaa is. You walk a long, sunbaked street of red walls. All the shops are shut, the city seems asleep. You find smaller, more shadowy streets, but you get lost. You feel tired and hate yourself; why did you part with him? What can you do alone? You go on, 'til you find another park. You sit on a cool stone bench beside a stand that sells Coca Colas, and drink one. It's too sweet. All this sweetness is full of despair.

You finish your coke, you haven't courage to ask the boy who sells them how to reach the Djemmaa El Fna. You think of returning to your hot lonely bed, but haven't guts to ask where that is, either. You go on. The city is vast and red, hot and scary.

What you really want is a cold beer. Where on earth do you get one in this city? There are no bars. You can get a drink in your hotel, or at a French restaurant, and you know there are tiny rough little bars hidden around the city for the Arabs to do their sinful drinking in, but you don't know where they are.

You have no idea where you are. You have walked a long, long way. There are only pedestrians here, and not many of them. Every shop is shut up tight. There, over the tops of these buildings, are palms. It's a large garden, you start out to reach it, but get more lost.

Thirsty, tired, angry, lonely, and lost. You hesitate to approach anybody. They are intent upon their own business; this morning everybody was staring at you but now you might as well be invisible. And these people here don't look as if they speak anything but Arabic.

The neighborhood you have found yourself in seems poor. The street is—perhaps ten feet wide, it angles this way then that, it is crushed under the enormous sky, its high red walls locked and shuttered. Hidden from the ferocity of the afternoon, the citizens are inside, in the scented shadow of their gardens. Mustafa is probably in one of them, sipping something cool, and making love.

Added to your heat and your frustration is the fact that you are having another hard-on. It's a little bit uncomfortable trying to hide it and walk with it, but it has its pleasures all the same. You walk through several neighborhoods in this condition. You feel slightly better, of course, but you wonder why all this is happening. You sight another park of palms, and go for it. Maybe there will be a street there big enough for the traffic of horsecabs. And something cool to drink.

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is being carried on the back of a friend. They both wave and grin at you as if you were their oldest friend. The crippled half-man is clinging to his friend's back, comfortable and easy; his friend carries him easily, erect. They both have dark faces and dazzling smiles. The cripple starts telling you in French how he would like to have a passport so he could go to Belgium and get a job in a factory and makes lots of money, and live the good life.

The other smiles at you, his imagination fervid with this idea.

You say, well, it's hard work in a factory, and a conversation begins. Before long they are escorting you along the still, dusty streets, and you don't know where you are heading and perhaps neither do they.

The cripple asks you about your country and is thrilled when you say America. He wants to know if you can get him a job over there. His voice is as rich and hypnotic as a troubador's song. You wonder where you are going with them.

You find a shady park. You sit on a bench and offer them a soda from a stand, you all drink cool Pepsis. They are chatting away. On another bench lounges an androgynous boy, delicate and beautiful, he wears the hood of his jalaba up, and watches you serenely.

The cripple hangs with his powerful arms around his friend's collarbones. His numb, spiderish legs are wrapped about his friend's middle. The cripple extends his hand, so does his friend. You shake their hands, they thank you profusely, pat you on the shoulder. Then they depart.

The shadows of the palms are cool, the air fragile. The androgynous boy is still gazing impassively at you. You walk slowly through the park. Blue jacaranda flowers flutter down. Sunlight is caught in the petals of tall yellow cannas.

You wander slowly. You are thinking of Mustafa still, and then, to your amazement, you spot him through the leaves. He is sitting on a bench quietly, abstracted. You watch him a while, surprised you have found him, glad of the opportunity to stare at him unobserved. You study him a long while; he shifts, lights a cigarette from a pack of American ones you had given him. You watch him smoke. He is thinking very hard. He looks very vulnerable. He thumps the cigarette away, he is still exhaling the last deep puff when you approach.

"*Sahabi!*" he exclaims, smiling. He rises and kisses you on both cheeks. "Sahabi! Where did you go? I wait all day."

He has his hands on your shoulders; your eyes shy from his. You notice his beautiful clavicles, the dainty muscles of his bare brown arms.

"Where you been, *Sahabi?* You thirsty? You like drink beer?"

You walk together through the filtered, perfumed shadow. You find yourself, then, at the door of your hotel. All afternoon you have been walking a great circle. You realize that Mustafa has sat there all afternoon, waiting for you, and you are touched.

"My friend, he work the bar in your hotel. Come. We drink beer."

He leads you into the hotel. The desk clerk glowers but says nothing. You sit in the deserted little bar. His bartender-buddy grins. Mustafa orders two Dutch beers. It is late in the afternoon and there is a door open into the garden.

You drink a few cold beers, but when two men in ferocious moustaches enter and order Scotch, Mustafa signals you with his eyes. You pay up and leave. "Secret police," he grins. "*Sahabi,* give me five dollars and I'll buy some beer and cheese and fruit and we take a horsecab ride to the gardens of the Aguedal."

You readily agree, and soon you are clip-clopping out of the gates of the old city, to the Aguedal, immense groves of six hundred year old olive trees. It is early twilight in the groves. Birds chatter in the fronds of the palms. White herons stand about the edges of a large square pool. Crickets chirr, and grasshoppers sail through the air. The silver olive trees seem to glitter with their own light.

"I saw a cobra in this garden once,"

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HATE GROUPS

Mustafa says. "Big! Black!" he says in wonder, his expressive hands describing the snake. "*Sahabi*, you like picnic?"

You agree. Mustafa stops the carriage, discusses things with the driver. You make arrangements for him to come back for you in two hours. You descend from the cab, Mustafa carries a basket with your beer, oranges, cheese, and a yellow melon. The cab drives slowly away, quiteness and peace come over the trees. Mustafa slips his naked hand into yours. Your hands are lightly in each other's as you walk through the groves.

You select a spot, in speckled shadow, beside a tiny paved irrigation canal. It is a few inches deep, rushing with cool, clear, pure water. It looks inviting to lie down in.

You eat the fruit and plant the seeds. Drink beer and have a smoke. The air brings out the fragrances of wild flowers, and the clean young scent of Mustafa's skin.

"Hot, *Sahabi*?"

"Hot."

"Soon the night will come. Ah! the night! The sky is starry and clear. The honeysuckle is sweet. It is cool and people go about all night long, and many are seeking love."

Wild doves coo in the olive trees. A silver crescent moon is rising in the peach-coloured east.

"Chop-chop?" Mustafa says. He makes the motions of swimming. Here, in the narrow irrigation canal. Just wide enough for the two of you to lie in together, the cool clear water rushing over you.

"Oui, *Sahabi*?"

"Oui."

"Let's take off our pants."

You take off your pants, slowly, cautiously, watching each other. He isn't wearing anything under the rose-coloured trousers. He peels them from his ankles and tosses them away. He looks at you, smiling, as you strip too. He stands there intently watching you, naked but for the green undershirt with the 8 on it. The rushing waters of the irrigation canal whisper invitingly.

He peels off the undershirt. He stands there smiling at you, his hand gesturing toward the cool water, naked in the garden.

You step into the water, its coolness is a pleasureable shock. The water cools about your ankles, soothes your whole body. He stands there in the golden light, then he bends forward and scoops up a handful of water and invites you to drink it from his cupped hands. You drink.

Still holding his empty hands you sit down together, slowly, laughing at the shock the cool water gives each tender part of your bodies.

You settle slowly into the canal, in an embrace. You both lie with your toes into the current, watching the quick silver water splash up over your legs, your torsos, and your faces. And you kiss. A sphere of radiant silence encloses your embrace.

The water splashes wildly over your deepening kiss.

The kiss yields his mouth, the feel of his hard body, the smooth hard rock of the canal, and then — something else.

Something is thrashing in the water. Something is whipping about in the water, something is slashing at your behind. You turn and there is a snake, a big black snake, it has fallen into the swift stream and now its head weaves wildly to and fro as it seeks to escape.

You leap. Hanging on to Mustafa you soar out of the canal. Mustafa hurls a rock at the snake, it keeps thrashing, the canal floats it swiftly, Mustafa runs to keep up with it, you run after, he throws rocks at it, he runs naked through the olive trees, you follow.

The canal turns. It runs under the ruin of a red wall, dense vegetation around it. The snake disappears into it. Mustafa bends, cautiously looks into the tunnel. He stands quickly. He comes to you, his eyes large and hazy with amazement. His voice is a whisper.

"Oh, *Sahabi!* Oh, Sahabi! Not one cobra. Many! Many cobra! Many cobra. Sahabi." ■

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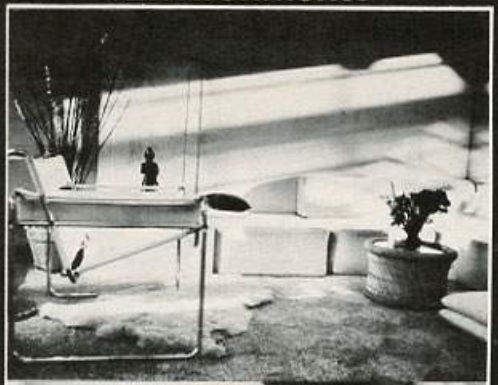

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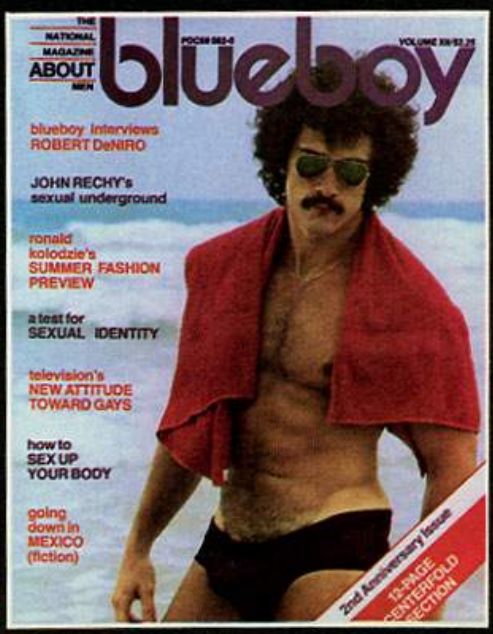
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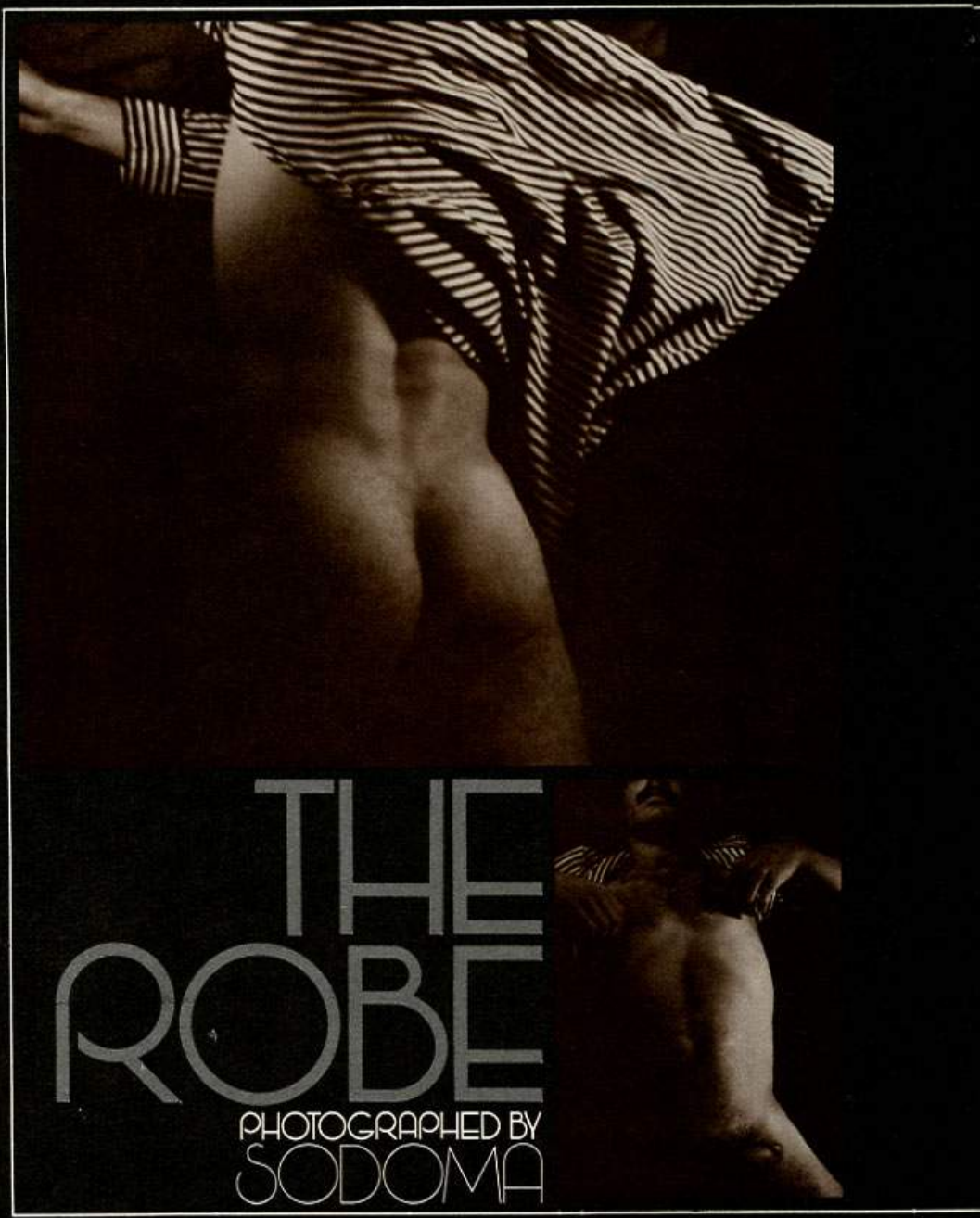
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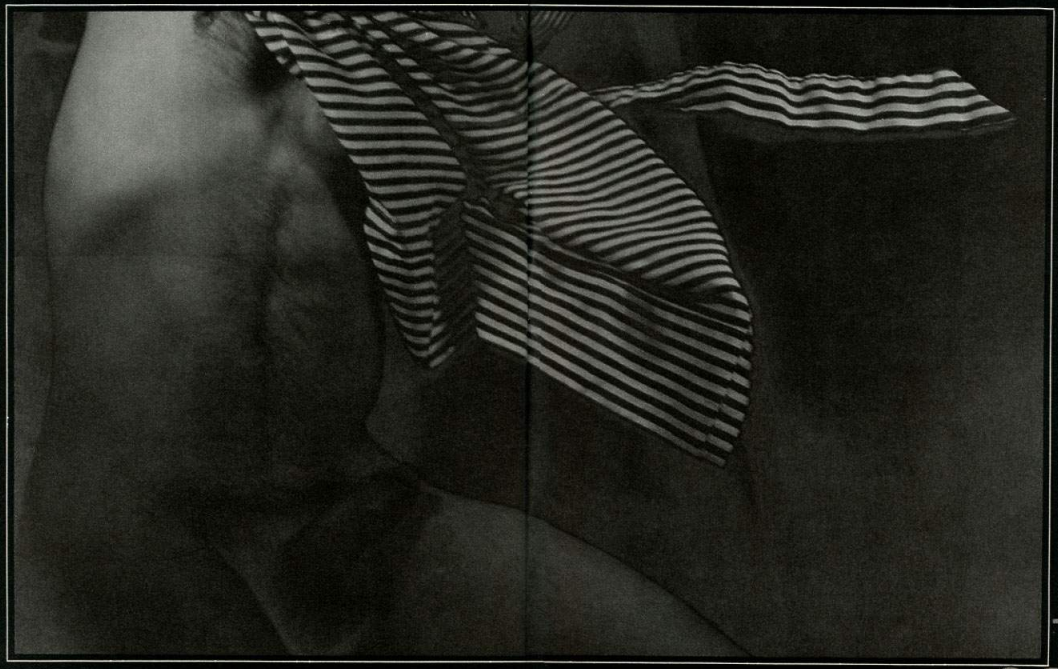

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SEXUAL ANARCHY

(Continued from page 20)

blonde stroked my hair and squeezed my nipples as I sucked. After ten minutes, a third well-built man in leather joined us. He started licking my blonde's nipples and making out with him. I felt for the third cock. Beneath his leather pants I could tell his cock was of major proportions. I took it out as I kept sucking my blonde and started to jerk it off. All at once my head was shoved in the direction of the third's cock. I opened my mouth and in a minute I realized that that cock had been someplace recently before it got in contact with my mouth. I spit out on my t-shirt and ran upstairs for a beer, cursing my fate, among other things.

After I reached the bar and was rinsing my mouth with a light beer, I was approached by a gentle looking person in a zippered, grey sweat shirt open to the waist revealing a not too well-developed but yet nice to touch chest. I moved to the nearby pool table and sat on it, nursing my drink and my abused sanitary nature. The gentle person pursued me, asked me the time. I professed my ignorance on the matter, and we started to make out and continued to do so for around fifteen minutes. Then he sat himself on the pool table and told me he wanted to fuck me. I said alright. He then told me that I was the hottest person in the bar. I didn't argue the point.

"I'm seven and a half inches," he proclaimed as he started to throw empty beer cans, which were stacked on the pool table, up into the air.

"You might hurt someone," I said.

"I know," he replied.

I ran away, again cursing my fate among other things.

SOME PSYCHOLOGY

Dr. C.A. Tripp, author of the controversial HOMOSEXUAL MATRIX, feels that backroom bars will reach their peak of popularity around 1980 and then quickly subside. Why? Because the people attending these places for the most part are ones who were brought up in a sexually repressed society. In the fifties, college students were being asked questions like whether they've "petted a girl's breast area from outside her clothing." Lily Tomlin says, "The fifties were ten years of foreplay." So people born in the era of repression of the late forties through late fifties, when faced with the freedom of the sixties, tended to practice sex enthusiastically but with a sense of guilt. And then in the late sixties, they stopped masturbating with liver in the bathroom, and began sucking, fucking, and doing what they considered dirty in a special dirty room, a fuckbar. When they leave a fuckbar now, what they've done is done and left behind. Corroborating Dr. Tripp's theory is the fact that most of the people in the fuckbars today are between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five.

Another interesting theory from Dr. Tripp applies to why all that leather and denim is worn in bars. Dr. Tripp states that one of the "sought-after rewards" of coupling is "the symbolic possession of those attributes of a partner which, when added to one's own, fill out the illusion of completeness." Men born in the above-mentioned era were constantly imbued with the idea that to be homosexual was to be less than a man. Macho was being a cowboy, a construction worker, or a Marlon Brando. So by mixing juices with someone attired in a flannel shirt, carrying a drill, or clad in a leather jacket, their manliness becomes contagious.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Aren't people who go to these bars afraid of the responsibility of a relationship?

A. Some of them are. Others have relationships and are only going to these bars for a little added spice. Some gay couples frequent these places together. Some bisexual married men come to these bars to quickly satiate their homosexual urges.

Q. Isn't there a good chance of catching some form of veneral disease when participating in backroom activities?

A. Yes, a very good chance.

Q. I hear that people with small cocks have no luck at these bars. Is this true? And what about overweight and unattractive folks?

A. Luck tends to be a matter of attitude. There is always a chance of rejection, but if you keep trying, you're going to succeed. Remember there's nothing so awful as being a wallflower in a backroom (unless you're into voyeurism).

Getting to particulars, I have a beautiful friend, six feet two inches tall, muscles all over, who will not step into a backroom bar. He is sure he would be rejected by one and all because of the size of his penis. It's true lots of people love big cocks, but, then, many are more concerned with quality then size. (To be truthful, I have not come across a penis in a backroom that was less then six inches long. This might be because of the rumor that small penised people will be asked to

leave the premises as soon as they are found out — a groundless rumor).

As for people who see themselves as overweight and unattractive, and are insecure, there are pitch-black rooms where you wouldn't recognize your own foot. It personally freaks me out not to see whom I am with or not to be seen. But if you feel your chances are low in the light, there is plenty of dark in these bars. And many astoundingly beautiful men are seen entering and eventually leaving the totally unlit rooms.

A ROMANCE

"One time...once I picked up someone at a backroom bar. We started getting it on right in the middle of the bar and ... half way through it we decided, you know, we wanted ... we were getting into it so heavy and other people were entering into it, right, and so like all of a sudden it was that case where both of us realized that what was going down we wanted to complete without the intrusion of anyone else at that time. So because we were like really getting into each other, we wound up going to my place which was closest and wound up going together for something like six months."

WHAT YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN A FODOR'S GUIDE

For a fuckbar to be successful — whether in New York, San Francisco or points in between — it has to have a gimmick. In Houston, the existence of a fuckbar is gimmick enough. In New Orleans during Mardi Gras, I'm told, every bar is a fuckbar and every person has his own gimmick. In San Francisco and New York, with so many bars around, being newer and kinkier is what counts. The following are capsule reviews of recent fuckbars, noted mainly to show their multiformity. Some are now closed.

THE LION'S DEN — San Juan, P.R. — This bar has nude go-go boys and skin flicks. The patrons are more gentle and less into posing than their fellow gays in the States. The clothing styles are not regimented. Also, without the health club fad, the bodies tend to be softer which is okay because the faces are beautiful.

THE STRAP — NYC — It's been around a long time. Buy a beer, have your hand stamped, and enter the doorway of heavy chains. Two rooms, pretty grubby.

THE SEWER—NYC—The most exciting thing here is the name of the place. One keeps expecting to see Art Carney at the bar. Though the place is *au courant*, it's not catching on. The last time I was there, an elderly, obese and bearded go-go boy dressed to the hilt in leather was coughing and dancing around the room, out of rhythm, to the disco version of the I LOVE LUCY theme.

THE COCKRING—NYC—A dicso that always has a line outside waiting to get inside. Once inside, the place is usually too crowded to dance. The backroom reminds me of a lean-to I slept under when I was a Boy Scout. Thinking about it, there was more action with the Boy Scouts.

THE ANVIL—The most well-known of the fuckbars. This is the place where everything and the kichen sink was seen going up rectums. Ten foot chains, pairs of fists, and even Richard Wagner's autobiography (hard cover edition). But as time marches on, so does the heat of the hot spots. And, sadly, the Anvil is now very tired. It recently had a snake act.

THE TOILET—NYC—The Toilet no longer exists. This was the place that made water sports almost as popular as Farrah Fawcet. One could sit in a bathtub and be urinated on. There were glory holes, beef cakes slides, and films of a man and a dog in love.

THE MINE SHAFT —N.Y.C.—The sexiest people in town have been seen here. Why? Where else can you hear a bartender bark, "The first hard-on on the bar gets a free beer?" This is a two-story house of action with murals of mine shafts on the wall, a scaffold with a leather seat for fist fucking, a pool table, a hot staff, and strict rules for admission.

IN CONCLUSION

In the out of print book THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION, Eric Norden writes: "Business sounded good by the grunts and screams and whipcracks echoing from the curtained alcoves lining the room, but the place stank of stale beer and semen, and I didn't plan to hang around. When an aged three-piece orchestra groaned into life and the curtain opened on the crucifixion of a nude Slav with stringy blonde hair and saggy tits, I slid the change from my first drink across the bar and got up... As I walked out a reeling sailor was driving the first rail through the blonde's palm..."

Hopefully, Mr. Norden's imaginary bar will never be, but fuckbars will be around in 1980 and 1990 and as long as there are hot-blooded gays. Because there should be a fantasy place where people can go to suck and fuck without restrictions. ■

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WHAT'S HOT

(Continued from page 18)

sojourn from the lady herself; and the Men Working Window. Other displays included the St. Valentine's Day Window, a complete silent movie set of Valentino as *The Shiek*, and the Carter Inaugural Banquet place settings which had DIVINE seated between BILLY GRAHAM and JACKIE ONASSIS.

And speaking of Onassis, Aristotle is the loosely disguised pivotal character in my favorite trash best-seller, *The Other Side of Midnight*, which has just gone before the 20th Century Fox cameras. Playing his mistress, a loosely-disguised French blonde actress, is Marie-France Pisier, and playing his ex-mistress, a loosely-disguised internationally celebrated Greek opera star, is DIMITRA ARLISS, a little known New York actress of Greek ancestry who spent the last ten years wrecking critics with her showstopping performances on the stage, and the two weeks in front of her first Hollywood camera wrecking the world as the girl who sleeps with Robert Redford (in *The Sting*) the night before she tries to murder him, only to get the bullet herself — right between the eyes.

Dimitra Arliss

Bruce Clyde Keller

Photo: Victor Parker

Whichever side of midnight you live on, looking your best helps. BRUCE CLYDE KELLER, formerly of Charles of the Ritz, and presently doing covers for *Viva, Town & Country, and Vogue*, is also doing men's haircuts. He's the best in town (and I've been around the block a couple of times). No matter what your personal style, Bruce has a way of enhancing it. He makes house calls, he says, "even if you live in Morocco". Just call first. (212) 593-3816.

MARTIN QUARTARARO, who is not from Morocco and who has never been to Morocco, will have an exhibit of his newest paintings which he calls Homerotic Art at Michael Fesco's superdisco FLAMINGO. The paintings, a series of airbrush male erotics, will be on view in early summer.

This Broadway season saw the return to the stage of some of the world's leading film actors: Julie Christie in *The Seagull*, Richard Chamberlain in *Night of the Iguana*, Richard Burton in *Equus*, Liv Ullman in *Anna Christie* and *Al Pacino* in *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*. And HE'S HOT!

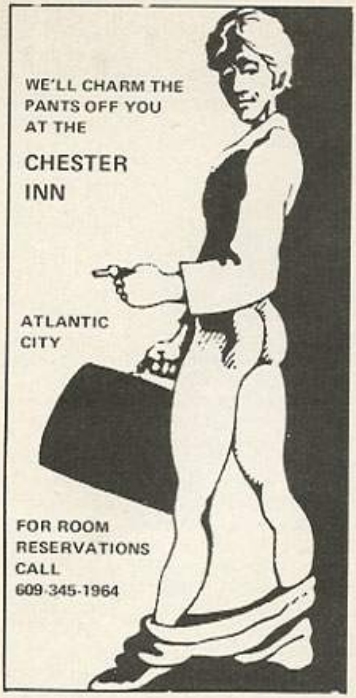
Star of stage, screen and cable television: Holly Woodlawn is glad to be back among the trash.

Photo: Frank Kolleogy

HOLLY WOODLAWN, fresh from her nightmare tour of lower California, is glad to be back home in New York where class is recognized. Holly will be raising hell every Saturday night for an indefinite run at the mecca of supper clubs, RENO SWEENEY, 126 West 13 Street. When asked how long the indefinite run would continue, the star of stage, screen, and cable television replied, "For as long as the trash comes in off the streets to see me."

Photo: Luigi Picariello

Al Pacino



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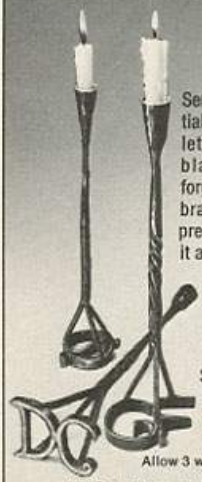

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DECOMPOSITION

(Continued from page 30)

who has that rarest value, entertainment, despite a fluent command of French which he affectedly drops when he needs a slight shield, despite his Napoleonic demeanor at the radio station; he is at heart an egalitarian and so when Virgil spits in his face, he spits it all right back. The poet stops abruptly as if he's a mutilated reel at one of the dollar-a-show cinemas. Neil, who thought he had successfully lost himself on the dark side of the moon, is sad but resilient for in his omnipotent state, he realizes that this was not Paradiso Lost but the Archangel Michael wrestling with Satan himself.

"Where are you from?"

"Riverside Drive."

"No, where were you raised?"

"Riverside Drive."

Virgil proceeds to deliver a Mea Culpa including prep schools, Reed, Amherst, Colorado and an apartment that was featured in GQ because it had no furniture but only platforms. Virgil also brays about having not one light in the apartment.

"Do you ever get lonely?"

The question, and others like it, were the kind that had won Philip over once upon a time and had, on other occasions, ruined the most perfectly senseless sex with legions of fallen angels who by day pose as scientists at Rockerfeller University and editors for Penguin. Virgil chortles and more or less denies the validity of the question.

"No I run a lamp factory and I'm stoned all the time. No pills though. You never know where there's a quick business meeting. It's coke, coke and more coke."

Neil and Philip had discussed the overrated nature of cocaine. It just was not worth the price you paid for it, much like the German spaetzel at Grand Union which is tagged at a dollar fifty a box which doesn't last more than a meal. Neil knew he was on his way out when Virgil acknowledged that he came to Everhard solely to beat people up. Usually Neil's flagellation was self-induced, his ego not strong enough to osmose the external variety. So rather than have his naturally firm but otherwise hopeless body traumatized like a middleweight Ecuadorian Olympian, he induces the thrashing of political guilt:

"Were you ever political?" (For you are 29 years old and I am 28 and we grew up under the same tyranny, n'est ce pas?)

"Sure. At Colorado I ran SDS and man, they had so much money then. They paid for my skis and my ski lodge for the entire winter."

Philip was right, Neil thought, about the contradiction of sex and politics. And the two of them left the room. "Hard Rain," Dylan's one thousandth and first masterpiece rumbled in his silent consciousness. The singer's genius is, of course, that he is so quotable so often, so everywhere.

Neil returns to his room joyfully assessing the wrestling match which he senses he won on points since Virgil had ultimately admitted that the questions made him uneasy. Enter the Bronx who has decided that he, Neil, is God the Avenger. This cameo role is just what the doctor ordered and Neil stands on the bed and his good-sized doubly thick phallus (Xx2Y) is purposely moved inches from the Bronx's desperate mouth.

"You have to beg for what you want."

Neil shoves the Amil bottle: the purest kind unlike the headache-inducing variety which all of New Jersey loves. (Yes folks, real Amil has no preservatives. One snort of this is equal to ...) He shoves it into the Bronx's nostril and brutally coaxes him to keep it there. The man is now joyfully desperate.

"Oh please, please ..."

Words fade into groans much like the Rolling Stones in their Hellbent prime where the music is the ultimate effect of taking the rhythm of speech beyond the Abyss.

"Oh, you're not begging. I mean you gotta really *want* what I have!"

Neil delivers a precise perfect slap to the Bronx's facial cheek. It is a pristine moment like some Pre-Raphaelite painting. But alas, Neil is once again swamped with a wave of passion and playing God the Omnipotent means you can only talk to yourself.

"Where are you from?"

"The Bronx."

"And you go to school?"

"Yes."

"And you're either Jewish or Italian."

"Italian."

"And you're real sweet on the outside and you come here for a little fantasy."

The man smiles gently and knowingly. Neil has a genuine vicious streak. That very afternoon, he had been roundly and rightly castigated by Judith for systematically pointing out to some hopelessly oppressed woman that she was hopelessly oppressed. She loved it but everyone else there hated him for it and if he hadn't pulled rank, he would have started crying.

Twelve centuries (or is it decades) later,

Neil stumbles through the halls and runs into a familiar face, Mr. Continuity.

"I know who, but where?"

"I saw you here last time and knew you were crazed in a solid middle-class way."

Suddenly, a Blond Factor storms by obviously haunted by his lack of hair.

"You know he just wants it beaten out of him."

Neil concurs as Mr. Continuity appropriately crowns the truly beautiful man *Tomorrow Belongs to Me*. Soon Mr. C. has faded and Neil, now sensing that Passion has abstracted itself from Purple, returns listlessly to his room.

"Twenty eight out."

The Irish hood knocks gently at the open door.

"Isn't it twelve hours?"

"A lot of guys think that. On weekends it's eight."

"Oh. This is my first weekend here."

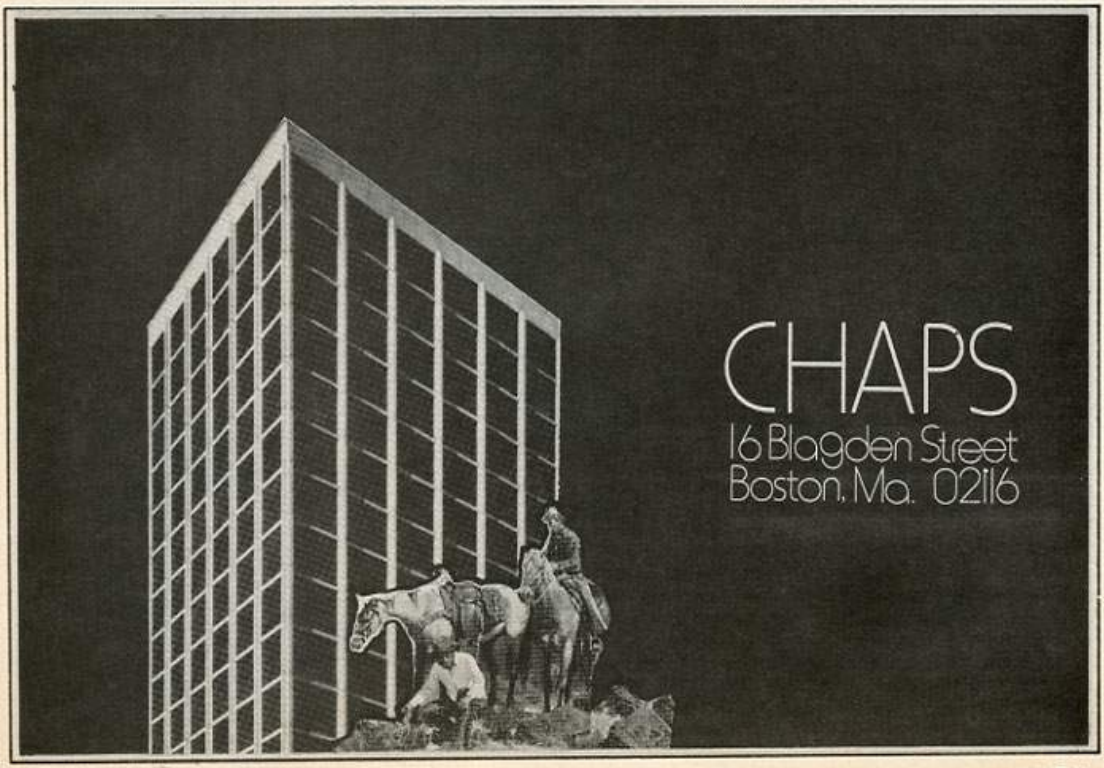
"Yeah, you're familiar. Usually on weekdays."

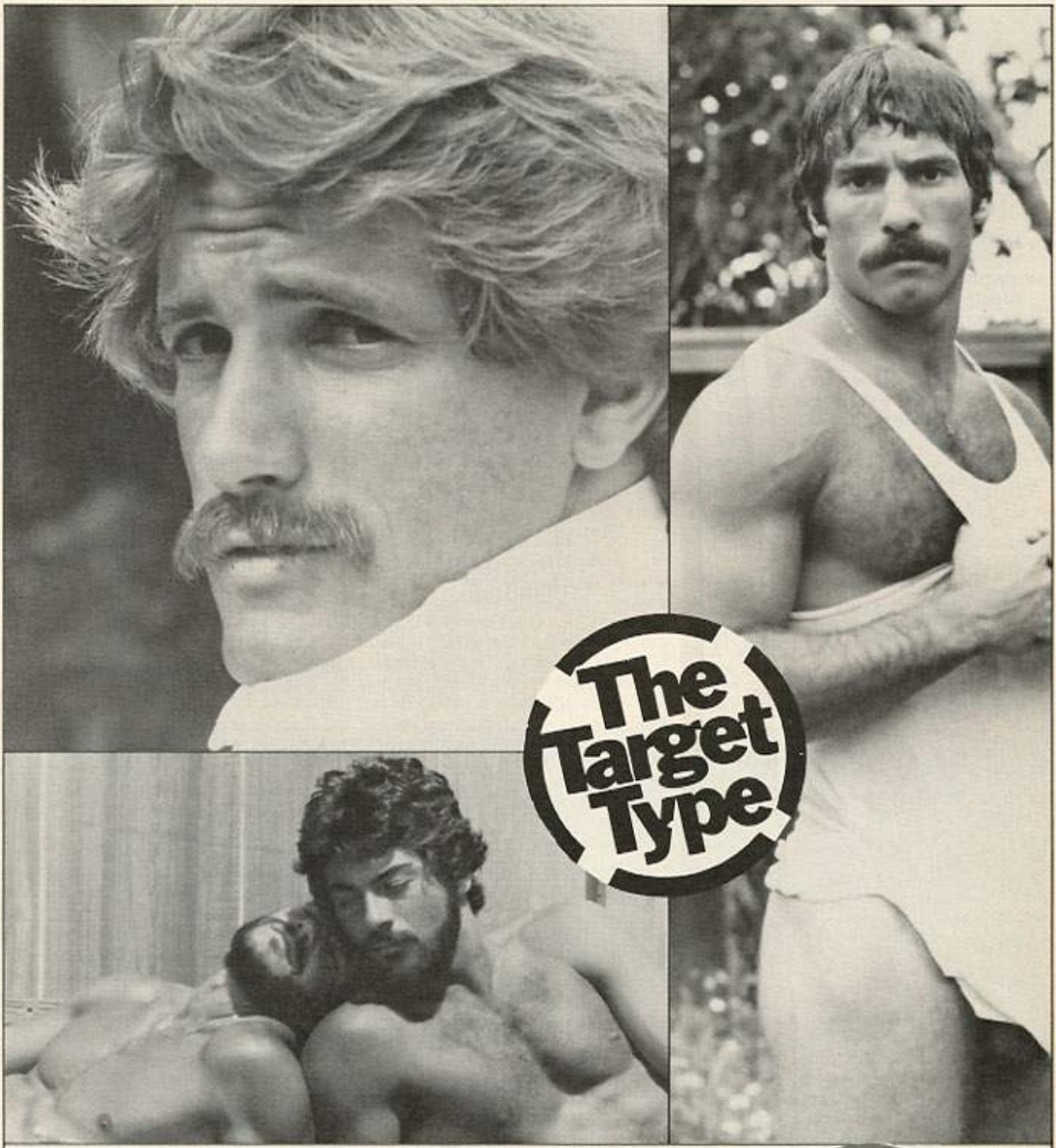
Neil smiles and moves toward his clothes. He slows out, hurries through the rain and down into the relatively clean BMT: the Forest Hills of subways. Arriving home, he moves to turn off the radio which is only kept on to confuse the non-existent thieves, for he lives on a street, Crosby Street, that no one will ever hear of. The voice is nearing the end of the final chapter of Judith's adaptation of *The Waves*.

"Oh, you're not begging. I mean you gotta really *want* what I have!" Neil delivers a precise perfect slap to the Bronx's facial cheek. It is a pristine moment like some Pre-Raphaelite painting.

"And in me too the wave rises. It swells; it arches its back. I am aware once more of a new desire, something rising beneath me like the proud horse whose rider first spurs and then pulls him back. What enemy do we now perceive advancing against us, you whom I ride now, as we stand pawing this stretch of pavement? It is death. Death is the enemy. It is death against whom I ride with my spear couched and my hair flying back like a young man's, like Percival's, when he galloped in India. I strike spurs into my horse. Against you I will fling myself, unvanquished and unyielding, O Death."

Neil cut the final waves with a valium and slept until noon. ■





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the painful realizations which are to come. Perhaps disco provides a good, healthy swing.

Michael is a 30 year old theatrical dancer (he has also dabbled in advertising and interior design) who came to New York from his native New Jersey, eight years ago, and who would describe himself as a typical gay consumer on the disco market. And before there were discos, he says he bar-hopped ("the same hope, the same contact").

On Fire Island (where disco probably first evolved as an important element of the gay milieu), Michael will dance at the drop of a record. His most "bizarre" disco experience is recalled from an Island summer: completely dehydrated from a drug called MDM, Michael believes the music turned a potential nightmare into a "wonderful, beautiful experience."

Michael says that the disco scene is but a microcosm of one aspect of the real world. When pressed about his state of mind (he alludes to a less-than-happy past), he says "I'm getting there!"

Ron and Todd are 30 year old lovers who moved to New York from Kansas City six years ago ("just as the disco scene was getting on"). They have become increasingly engaged by the disco on Saturday nights, but on close examination they appear less than enthralled by its magic; more than anything, it seems to be something that has appeared on their weekly agenda.

Both Ron and Todd are administrators involved in the business end of a hospital and a university: hard, steady weekday work, but not a tremendous pressure on their private lives. They enjoy having friends in for dinner, which they did with more regularity before they joined their discos. They believe, however, that disco provides them with an exhilarated — shared — experience: freedom together.

Ron's most memorable experience on the dance floor is recalled from Fire Island (all three men agree that the Island provides the ultimate in disco freedom) where, while pining one week-end over an absent Todd, he tripped, and with the help of a "magical" light board, suddenly ceased being lonely. Ron suggests, just the same, that the disco scene is "decadent."

Michael and Todd and Ron display remarkable agreement in their observations of the disco scene — very nearly their single entertainment outlet of the week. They each avoid discos which are frequented by blacks and, to a lesser extent, Latins. They each welcome straights at private discos, so long as they are not there out of curiosity ("No punches are pulled; it's their problem if they see something they don't like."), even though, they say, straights are obnoxious disco dancers.

All three believe Flamingo to be the best of New York's gay discos (they belong to three discos, collectively, at about $350 per year): "It's the epitome of everything 'hot' about discos." They also agree that there is pretense there, "game playing" and "attitudes of superiority," but they say they find it flattering to be a part of this. Much effort goes into a Saturday night appearance.

The disco scene has created a lifestyle — for some, confined to one evening a week — as well as a dance outlet. A Saturday scenario, at least for these three, runs something like this: Early dinner; long nap; friends gathered for smoke and music ("the revving up"); for most, THC or acid ("It makes it easier, builds up energy to be released").

There are, of course, the social contacts, but heavy cruising is infrequent. It is interesting to note painstaking efforts at creating a sensual atmosphere for an experience which appears to be nearly universally non-sexual.

The average cash outlay per Saturday is $15. At Les Mouches, the only New York disco with a restaurant — and a comfortably sumptuous one it is — dinner may run $30 for two, including disco. The three men say they live minimally during the rest of the week. Disco is an affluent man's phenomenon which breaks down class barriers — if not racial ones — because middle-income gays are willing to do without.

Michael believes there are business contacts to be made on Saturday, in spite of the fact that nearly everyone is "spaced out," or because of this. There are, of course, social contacts, but heavy cruising is infrequent, sex apparently a low priority. It is interesting to note painstaking efforts at creating a sensual atmosphere (color, lighting, slide shows, art objects — at Les Mouches, carpeted walls and divided space to relax away from the music) for an experience which appears to be nearly universally non-sexual.

Les Mouches, toward dawn: The room is washed in green neon light — tropical — and filled with leaning, reclining figures barely distinguishable from the reclining sculpted figure, center stage. Sounds are soft. Caresses are in slow motion. Strangers embrace, unlock, change partners, move on. It is a frame in which time has ceased; as though make-believe characters on a screen are dissolving before one's eyes. It is a tepid delight.

"Change partners" could easily be a refrain, uptown, at Regine's, an altogether different form of disco madness. Regine herself, French doyenne of the jet set boites, thinks of herself as the First Lady of the Disco, and certainly she has profited from the experience. Years after opening her flagship Paris operation, she has placed her sizable talents at the disposal of a franchise, and her clubs have now opened in New York, Rio, Sao Paolo, Houston, and soon, Beverly Hills.

Regine is troubled by gays, at least by gay men who dance together. The owners of Les Mouches were once turned away from her door (they'd announced themselves as "colleagues," just sampling) because they were there sans female dance partner. Regine says flatly that she doesn't want her place to become known as a gay disco, that she likes to think she can broaden the gays' perspective by imposing her dance floor etiquette; generally, she remains aloof of the very clear fact that her success has sprung in large measure from a gay phenomenon.

Regine does not remain aloof of her upper class following. A cheap night runs about $100 per ($10 to enter the door), including dinner (The New York *Times* has panned the food), dancing, drinks. The ambiance is tastefully opulent: much glass, deco, richly carpeted walls and floors. There is a feeling of burgandy, and the rich love red wine. Jackie O., Andy Warhol, Truman Capote and Halston are regulars; music is heavy on the Brazilian side; dancing is more de rigeur than hard-core. Ties and jackets are required, and there is apparently little sweat. The snob appeal flows as freely here as the orange juice at Les Mouches.

Somehwere in Brooklyn: 2001 Odyssey consists of a vast dance space surrounded by terraced levels of tables. Glittery materials and sheets of tinfoil, reflecting psychedelic colors of light, decorate the walls. Spotlights revolve and spin. The effect is one of tackiness. Pinball machines, bulletin boards and an age range of 18-20 distinguish the place from the "radical chic" counterparts such as Les Mouches, in Manhattan. There is no snob appeal here. The beat may be the same but there is a different drummer — a qualitative difference.

Nearly everyone — even straight

(Continued on page 97)

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society — agrees that gays are hard-core disco dancers, that they play the best music, and any gay proprietor will tell you that private clubs are private to prevent an influx of music-loving straights. But the kids in Brooklyn have their own adventure: finding a few hours of ecstasy in an otherwise drab week of directionless endeavor.

Clothes are perhaps more important at 2001 than at Les Mouches; booze is more important than drugs; and the fact that dance is as important — if not as elegant — is manifested in the ritual of contests held here. As with sports in the same culture, the tough guy is kind of the walk — one rung up from street gang leader — and the dance is merely another "match" or "event."

A rather chic young woman at Les Mouches has said earlier that everyone comes to disco for the same thing, and she has a point. But as disco moves to the suburbs, the "singles" form the pattern, and sex is progressively more important. Women come alone now; women's lib is further evidenced by the assertion of their choice of dance partner. Men apparently congregate in *hopes* of sex, appear frustrated by the roles thrust upon them.

Straight discos get started earlier, close earlier; couples dance two or three hours, maximum. Les Mouches' owners operate Blue Cloud, a disco in Long Island's South Hampton originally opened as a gay disco and popularized by straights. It is empty shortly after the bar closes at 4 a.m.; Les Mouches stays open until the last dancer has collapsed, usually around 6 or 7 a.m.

If sex is the primary *physical* difference between straight and gay discos (this, a supreme irony), status is perhaps the emotional one. As one disco music publisher observed, "gays can be something special within their discos, while they are still often led to feel inferior from without. Like Blacks and Latins."

There is probably something to this analysis, which appears archaic at first glance. All three groups have been treated as outsiders by the mainstream of society, and it is surprising that each fails to sympathize more with the other, to the extent that gays admit steering clear of "ethnic" discos. The disco has no doubt provided a special turf, and it is probably no accident that Latins and Blacks were the first groups after gays to popularize disco — with suburban and teen-age urban whites pulling up the rear.

Disco, as a spectacle, came in with Jackie's pillbox hat, in the early 60's, declined, and has been peeking once again for the past three years. The word comes, of course, from the French discoteque, meaning, simply, record library. The current implication goes far beyond. Disco is total environment, and its 10 year life has led to a flourishing business.

Disco music has all but dominated *Billboard's* Top Ten chart; singers such as Ms. Summer, Gloria Gaynor — earlier Barry White, Silver Convention — have become stars on the basis of their disco orientation.

Sound Systems of New York has made a small fortune outfitting discos, and experts there are predicting mini-disco systems in the home (energy crisis, notwithstanding) within the decade. Lighting equipment and experimentation has similarly profited by the disco market. Les Mouches cost half a million dollars to get off the ground (minus operating costs): a sizable Broadway musical can be capitalized for about the same figure.

The most obvious feature of disco, aside from the fact that everyone seems to be having quantitative fun, is that people are talking without speaking, listening without hearing and touching without feeling.

Dancing has not, of course, gone un-attended. Although the Hustle has become known as the signature dance of the disco sound, it exists in its pure form among straights more than gays, for whom "frenzied liberation" might be a more apt description. In the process, the D.J., hardly noticed in his cozy booth above the masses, has himself gained a certain celebrity, with his fingertips on the mixer, a certain control of the emotions of his captive audience.

In 1974 there were an estimated 1500 discos in operation; today, there are said to be 10,000. Some will say that nothing has changed. Ron contends that "Saturday night has always been party night, U.S.A., our mothers danced on Saturday Nights!"

As for the future, who knows what will happen when Hollywood catches up with a good idea. Two films are already in the works: *Disco*, a spin-off of *Car Wash*, and the more eagerly anticipated *Saturday Night*, starring John Travolta as a Brooklyn disco freak. And Paul Anka is planning a $1 million complex in Las Vegas, which, bearing Paul Anka in mind, may open up an entire new form.

"Disco is just another leisure activity," suggests Todd, "some people jump out of planes!"

But they land on solid ground.

It is more likely that disco provides just another activity for the suburban straights, the children of the dance-band set; and any fashion is justification in and of itself among the very rich. But the kids in Brooklyn, along with the ethnic minorities, probably share the more intense interest in disco with gays. The meaning it holds for these groups, therefore, sheds most light on the nature of the experience.

The "escapist" factor is raised by everyone. "You forget the rest of the week, your work, your problems, your bills," says Ron — along with that young woman at Les Mouches. But Michael continually returns to the idea of "contact." He speaks of resisting close contact, and yet he admits to wanting to be close to someone. He says he is poised for a meeting everytime he sets foot outside his apartment. He also says the disco doesn't lend itself to direct contact, and yet he doesn't want to be seen there alone; "it's reassuring to go with a group."

And Todd, when asked to dig deeply, produces the phrase "tribal community:" "It's a primal experience in which you find your roots, and that's what's so gratifying."

The most obvious feature of disco, aside from the fact that everyone seems to be having quantitative fun, is that the deafening sound produces silence. People are talking without speaking, listening without hearing (even the lyrics are un-interesting, repetitive, usually ignored), and perhaps most telling, touching without feeling. And yes, there is something liberating about this experience, at the moment; something transcendental and powerful about standing alone and strong: a beautiful monument to oneself. And then ... something sad, because it is unreal.

It is as though the rules have all been changed and no one notified — a swing taken out from under the child, without warning.

I have awakened from an exhilarating dream to find that most of the first of spring's Sundays passed me by. I rush to the corner store — a thieving gay business — for a *Times* (my nod to routine), and share memories of the night before with the owner, a friend.

"Yes, I had a great time," I start to conclude. "But I'm not sure about the culture."

"Oh, don't worry about that," roguishly laughs my friend, "it's already gone under." ■

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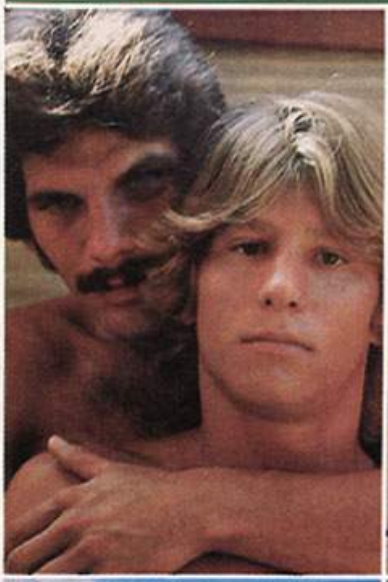

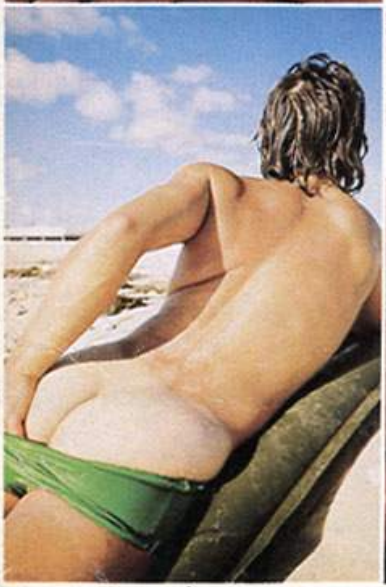

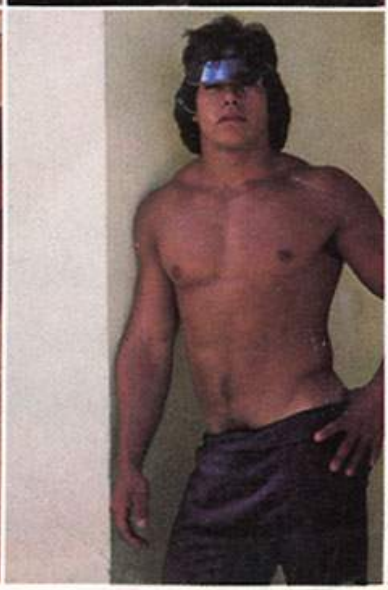

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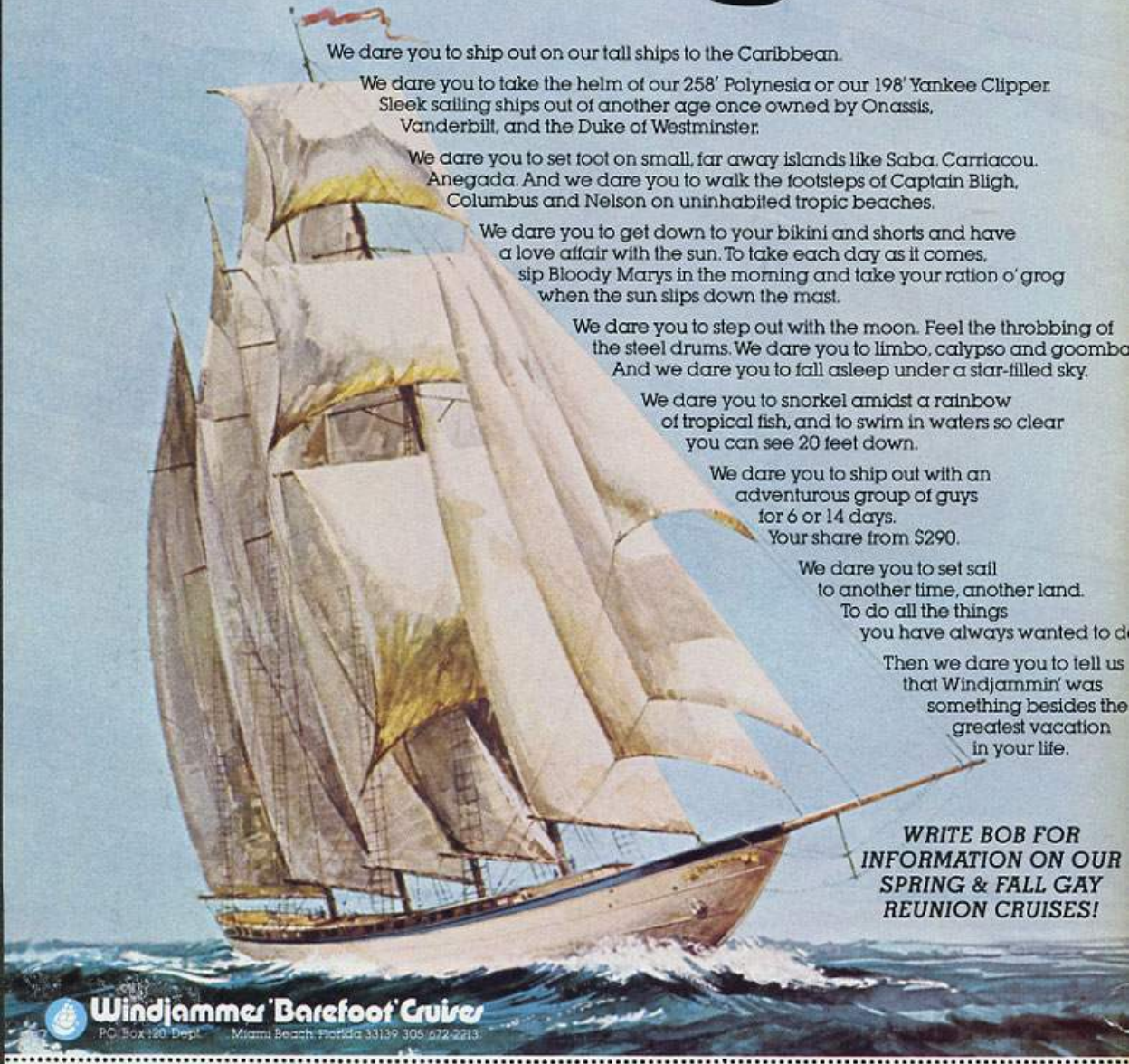

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